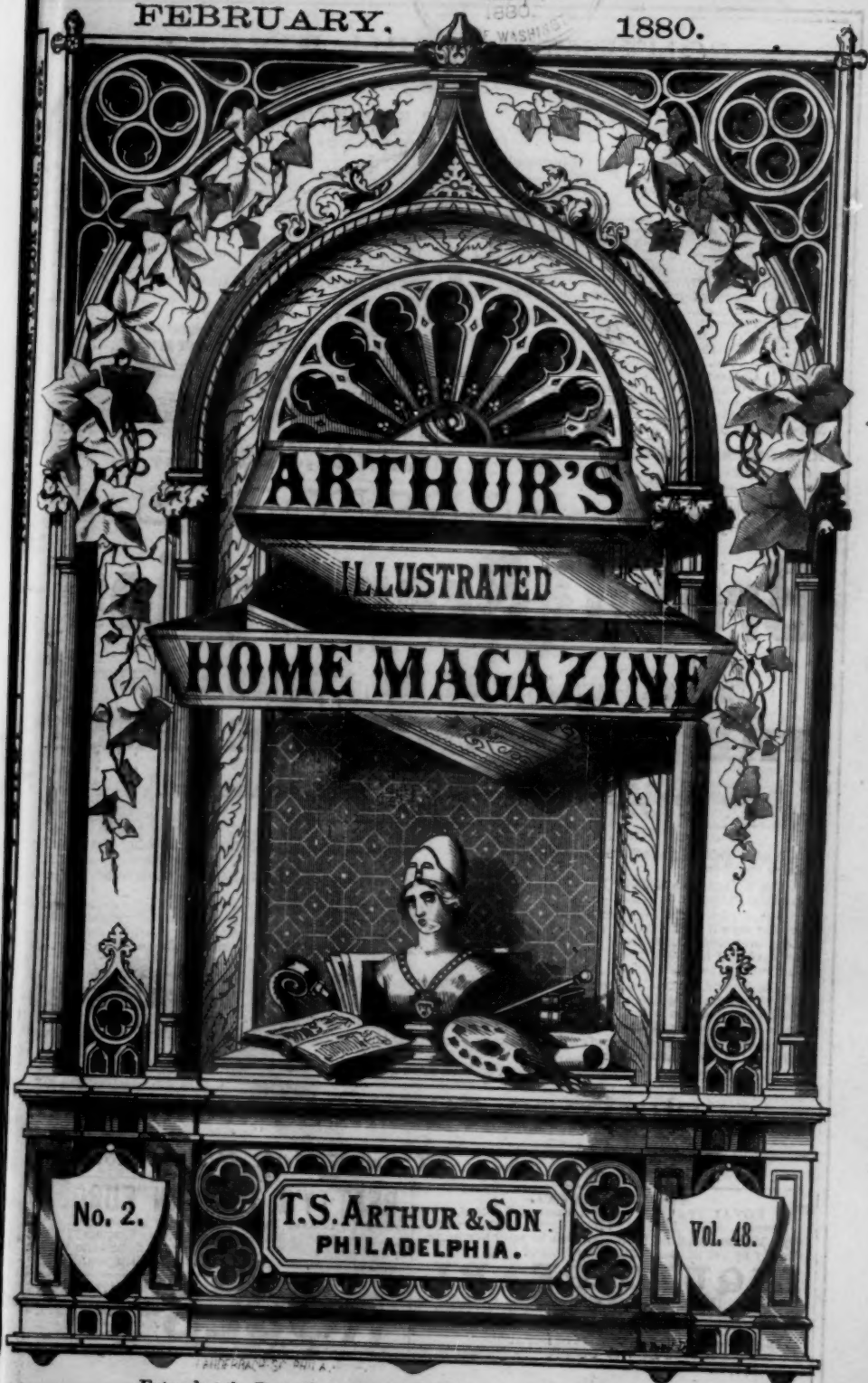


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CONTENTS—FEBRUARY, 1880.

FRONTISPIECE.

Welcome Home.

The Condition of Women in India. (Illustrated).....	73
Bards and Minstrels. By Mary W. Early.....	75
Fruit-Fruits. By Madge Carrol.....	77
Damascus. (Illustrated).....	79
Mills. (Illustrated).....	81
My Castle in the Air. By Marjorie Moore.....	82
Our Traveling Club. By Ella F. Mosby. (Illustrated).....	83
Janet. By Ruth Revere.....	87
The Arcos Family. (Illustrated).....	88
Outer and Inner. By Kate Sumner Burr.....	89
From the Diary of Dorothy Flemming. By I. J. Roberts.....	89
Her Life in Bloom. A Sequel to "Lenox Dare." By Virginia F. Townsend. Chapters iii, iv, v and vi.....	96
A Couple of Fables.....	105
Tender and True. By the author of "His Dear Little Wife." Chapters xvii, xviii and xli.....	107
What Mrs. Grundy Thought of my Housekeeping. By Mrs. Helen M. S. Thompson.....	116
An Informal Pic. By "Kiz".....	119
Mabel. By Mary A. Ford.....	119

RELIGIOUS READING.

Our Daily Bread.....	120
----------------------	-----

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Pipsey's Plans. By Pipsey Potts.....	121
Leaves from the Diary of a Spinster. By Celia Sanford.....	123
From My Corner. By Lichen.....	124
"The Solitary." By Earnest.....	125
Don't Worry. By Aunt Rena.....	126
To Earnest. By Ruth.....	127

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

Old Times. By Sarah J. C. Whittlesey.....	127
How do we Give? By Adelaide Stout.....	127
Thanksgiving.....	128

YOUNG LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fancy Work. By Margaret B. Harvey.....	128
--	-----

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Winter Amusements. Their Delights and Dangers.....	130
--	-----

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

Household Perils.....	131
Benzine for Moths.....	131

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

Fashions for February.....	132
----------------------------	-----

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.....	132
-------------------------	-----

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.....	136
-----------------------------	-----

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21
22
23
24
25
26
27
27
27
28
28
29
30
31
31
32
32
33
36



WELCOME HOME.—Page 135.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 2.



THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

ONE glance at the picture before us reveals volumes—the whole system of female oppression in the midst of heathenism, in a nutshell. Father, grandfather and slaves join in lavishing attention upon the youthful heir—while the downcast looks and humble attitudes of the little girls in the foreground, as well as the total neglect with which they are treated, show plainly their present nothingness and their future degradation, as opposed to the coming prosperity of their brother.

These poor girls are, in fact, worse than nothing. Their own father would think it a disgrace were their existence known to the world outside his house, and, if asked how many children he had, would reply, "One," meaning thereby the little fellow at his side. In India, it is considered an unpardonable breach of etiquette to ask after

the women of a family, as a woman is supposed to occupy so low a position in the order of creation, that it is a shame even to speak of one! Happy are these little girls that they have escaped death in their earliest babyhood, at the hands of their own mothers. Happy shall they be if delivered from the deep dishonor of being left widows! Happier still, if they can be saved from the fearful doom of a suttee!

Until recently, one or another of these barbarous fates threatened every Hindoo girl, so that from her birth till her death she was in hourly danger. When a mere babe, her life was no more sacred than that of a kitten or a puppy; when betrothed or married, she was absolutely at the mercy of a despotic master; when widowed, an outcast, unless she chose the more terrible, but only honorable, doom of self-immolation upon the funeral pile of her husband.

But in a Hindoo woman's happiest estate, that



WELCOME HOME.—Page 255.

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is, while her husband lives and she pleases him, what is her lot? Let us consult the Shasters, the sacred books that define woman's duties.

"When in the presence of her husband, a woman must keep her eyes upon her master and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks she must be quiet, and listen to nothing else besides. When he calls she must leave everything else and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other god on earth but her husband. The most excellent of all good works that she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god. She must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh; if he weeps, she must also weep; if he sings, she must be in an ecstasy."

The Shasters further say that she must not sit down in the presence of her husband, neither must she eat until he has finished, and then must she carry the remains of his feast into another room, and satisfy her hunger out of his sight. She is never permitted to pronounce his name. Also, "If a man goes on a journey, his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor shall see any public show, now shall laugh, nor shall dress herself in jewels or fine clothes, nor hear music, nor sit at the window, nor shall behold anything choice and rare, but shall fasten well the house door, and remain private, and shall not eat any dainty food, and shall not blacken her eyes with powder, and shall not view her face in a mirror; she shall never amuse herself in any such agreeable employment during the absence of her husband."

So, it will be seen that a wife in India is nothing more than a slave. She may be favored, and pampered, and loaded with fine dresses and jewelry; she may be beaten and tortured to a point just short of actual murder, for she has no law to shield her—still, she is an absolute slave, and knows nothing else. Her mother has taught her, just as she herself was taught, and her religion has for her nothing better. She has, indeed, "jealousy for her jailer, and suspicion as her spy." She knows no world but her zenana, and out of it she seldom goes until carried out dead.

Through all her years of seclusion, she never sees the face of any man, save that of her husband, her father and her brothers—she would forfeit her reputation as a virtuous woman if she did. Strangely as it may sound, it is nevertheless certain that, though nearly every young lady marries, not one ever had a lover—for her future husband she never sees at all until she is delivered into his custody. As her own heart and affections are never consulted in the matter, it would be absurd

to suppose that her devotion to her master is the result of love and self-forgetfulness, and not of fear and the weight of custom.

But man's inhumanity to woman always reacts on himself. What kind of sons must necessarily be those trained by ignorant and enslaved mothers? Take it for an unchangeable truth, the world over, that wherever you find men holding a degraded opinion of women, there, too, you find degraded men. The men of India are notoriously selfish, bigoted, extravagant, immoral, cruel, treacherous and blood-thirsty. Their idolatries are frightful, and their murders unblushing. The sight of human blood and human suffering seems to fill the people of this benighted land with no especial horror, as witness the terrible prevalence of infanticide, the wanton sacrifices to hideous idols, the self-inflicted tortures of the Fakirs, and the most abominable custom of all, the suttee.

The infanticide alluded to means, of course, the murder of baby-girls. In times past, so universal was this practice, that whole villages often contained within their limits *not one* little girl. The slayer of the helpless infant was usually its own mother. Several reasons are given for this terrible custom. The chief one, it may be supposed, was the disgrace and misfortune of having a daughter. Another was the fear of parents, on account of poverty, of being unable to provide for her a suitable marriage; for, next to the dishonor of being a girl at all, is that of being a girl and remaining unmarried. Still another is, that the father and mother may have already decided to keep one or two little daughters, and dread the expense as well as the humiliation of more. So the helpless babe may be lulled to sleep forever with opium, or thrown to the crocodiles in the Ganges!

In case the poor child is permitted to live, the next thing is to look out for her a suitable husband. Professional match-makers are employed, who find a boy of the same rank as the girl, and pass backward and forward between the two families, settling the terms of the dowry, and so forth. Priests and astrologers are consulted as to horoscopes, consanguinity, and the like, and if all appears favorable, the two are considered betrothed, which, in Hindoo law, means the same as marriage, so much so that, in case the boy dies, though the girl be only six years old and have never seen him, she is considered a widow, prohibited from marrying again, and even expected to perform the suttee. A little girl is usually betrothed at the age of five, never later than ten, and in no case must her marriage be delayed past the age of twelve. A father who permits his daughter to live unmarried beyond this time, lays up for himself fearful penalties in the next world, and forfeits perpetually the respect of his children in this.

Marriage ceremonies in India are very costly.

Only the expense of one pageant ever deters the Hindoo from having as many wives as he can support. Money and presents are liberally provided for the relatives and retainers upon both sides, and entertainment is given at both houses to hosts of guests from both families for days at a time. The street procession is made as impressive as possible. First comes the bridegroom on horseback, richly dressed, and attended by gayly-attired servants, flinging money into the streets, accompanied by a noisy band of professional musicians. The bride is borne after, entirely hidden in a palanquin. The friends of both swell the numbers in the parade. The bridegroom's house is reached, the bride is lifted across the threshold. The ceremony is then considered complete, and the wife sees her husband for the first time.

Her education has been carried on by her mother, looking forward only to this occasion. She cannot read, nor write, nor sew; her sole accomplishment is cooking, and upon this great stress is laid, for upon a man's food more than anything else does his *caste* depend. Besides this, her only knowledge consists of prayers and texts from the sacred Shasters—the Vedas, of still higher authority, are considered too holy to be understood by women.

If widowed, she is expected to perform the suttee, or be burned upon the funeral pile of her husband, if she would secure to herself a happy immortality. In that case she is richly dressed and placed with the corpse upon the prepared fagots and costly perfumes; then the pile is fired by her oldest son or nearest male relative, and soon, as Hindoos say, "she mingles her ashes with his." If she decides not to immolate herself, all her handsome dresses and jewels are taken from her, she must wear the meanest apparel, eat the coarsest food, endure every privation, and be considered by her relatives as disgraced and lost. When a Hindoo woman dies, her body is not buried, but thrown into the Ganges.

Happily, in our day, the laws of the British government and the influence of the missionaries are fast overcoming these terrible things; and soon, in the Providence of God, we may hope to see a blessed change in the condition of women in India.

It is the activity of the mind, not the functional vitality of the body, that constitutes life. By the enlargement of our ideas and the general diffusion of knowledge, consequent upon our increased powers of locomotion and comparison, we may condense a whole existence into a narrow compass of time, and enjoy a dozen such lives as were passed by the most enlightened of our ancestors. And yet, doubly precious as this state of living has become, how many are compelled to throw away life for a livelihood!

BARDS AND MINSTRELS.

A LOVE of music is one of the most universal characteristics of our nature. There is scarcely any race or any age, however barbarous or ancient, that has not manifested this trait. The oldest nations of which we have any record had their songs, their musical instruments and their minstrels. Not to go back to classical times, when Grecian and Egyptian minstrels, as well as those of other cotemporary nations, held their hearers entranced with songs of love and war, let us take a brief glance at some of the bards and minstrels who have flourished in Europe since the Christian era.

Far back in the Dark Ages, bards flourished under various titles among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and indeed amongst all the early inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic origin. Especially in Northern Europe, among the Teutonic and Danish tribes, did the race of bards find favor. By these tribes they were called *Scalds*, which signifies smoothers or polishers of language, and they combined the offices of musician, poet, historian and genealogist.

The Danes attributed the gift of bardship to their deity, Odin, and consequently deemed their bards sacred, loading them with favors and honors. In those days, the bards might well have said, in the words of Fletcher, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

The Grecian mythology, with all its beautiful and graceful traditions, did not furnish a finer field to bards than did the mythology of Northern Europe in the Dark and Middle Ages, when amid Icelandic snows, and in the darkness and silence of a Polar winter, the Edda and the Icelandic sagas took their rise. Snow and cold and dark did not benumb the imagination of the children of the north, but in their bleak, ice-bound land they wove legends as fresh and glowing as did the Greek in the balmy air and amid the warm, rich tints of his own sun-lit clime. This so-called night of the Dark and Middle Ages was thickly studded with stars, as an authoress of the day says.

It calls up a pleasant picture before the mind to think of these Northern Europeans, fierce and warlike though they were, gathered around their bards, to whom they looked up with child-like reverence, regarding them as beings altogether higher and wiser than themselves, listening to them entranced as they sang some wonderful old Norse legend, it might be that beautiful old Icelandic saga* of Frithiof the valiant, who loved the fair Ingeborg, "the white lily with the blush of morn on her cheek." How they must have been

* In this century, Esaias Tegner, Bishop of Wexio, and finest of Swedish poets, has founded one of the most beautiful poems of the nineteenth century on this saga.

thrilled as the bard went on to tell of Frithiof's sword, Angurvadel, "brother of the lightning," with hilt of beaten gold, and on the blade wondrous runes that could be read only at the gates of the sun; of his arm-ring, made by Vaulund, the limping Vulcan of the north, the border engraved with the signs of the zodiac, the houses of the twelve immortals; of his dragon ship Ellida; of his many marvelous deeds by land and by sea; of the many wanderings, trials and conflicts through which he passes before winning Ingeborg.

These old scalds had indeed a great wealth of material for their songs, and even now there is a wonderful charm in the traditions that formed their themes. They transport us into a delightful wonderland, telling us of vikings riding the waves and performing dauntless deeds; of Odin, the Jupiter of Scandinavian mythology, who awaits in Valhalla the souls of warriors slain in battle; of the Valkyrias, or celestial virgins, who conduct these souls to Valhalla; of the watchman Heimdel, whose watch-tower is upon the rainbow, and who blows the Gjallar horn whenever a fallen hero rides over the rainbow to Paradise; of the mighty Thor; of Balder the beloved, who was wept by Heaven, and earth, and sea when he fell, slain by Hoder's arrow; of Strömkarl, whose flute is heard in tinkling brooks, and his song in waterfalls—all these are but a few of the fanciful creations of the northern imagination—fresh, warm traditions which, coming from these stern Norsemen, amid the cold and darkness of the Polar winter, make us think of the northern lights that visited those people amid their long winters, casting a rosy glow over the snow, and painting the sky with glorious gold and crimson.

When Rollo the Dane went southward and took possession of Normandy, he carried with him that love and reverence for bards which was a strong and universal feeling in his own country; so we need not be surprised that minstrelsy flourished in Normandy, colonized as it was by Danes and Norwegians. Indeed, the Normans were peculiarly distinguished for their talent for minstrelsy, and so highly was the art reputed amongst them, that it was cultivated by persons of the highest rank. Fontinelle tells us that the younger sons of noble families sometimes followed it as a profession. The brave Taillefer, who was said to excel in minstrelsy as in valor, led the charge in which he perished singing the song of Charlemagne and Roland. Some eminent French writers contend that the Norman minstrels were the originators of all modern poetry, bringing forward proofs that they were celebrated for their songs a century before the Troubadours of Provence arose (1162). To the latter, however, are generally referred the origin of modern poetry, as they are supposed to have paved the way for the poets of France, Italy and Spain.

To return to Normandy, however, William the Conqueror, having been reared in an atmosphere of minstrelsy, was very partial to the art, and when he invaded and conquered England, he gave it a fresh impetus in that country, though he did not introduce it there, as it had already existed among the Anglo-Saxons, and further back among the Britons, for centuries past.

Minstrelsy had also existed from a very early age amongst the Welsh; and so strong an influence did the Welsh minstrels wield over the people, that Edward I of England, fearing they would keep up a war-like spirit amongst their countrymen, took stringent (though not very successful) measures to put them down—a fact which Gray commemorates in his famous poem purporting to be addressed to Edward by one of these persecuted bards:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air in idle state."

Most of the English minstrels were from the north of England, the prevalence of the northern dialect being very marked in all the old ballads and songs that have been handed down. On the other hand, Southern Scotland was the chief seat of minstrelsy in that country, both of which circumstances are probably due to the martial spirit kept up at the border of the two countries, whereby ample materials for song were afforded.

Cœur de Lion was peculiarly the friend of minstrels, not only patronizing the order, but loving and practicing the art himself. This latter circumstance, indeed, led to his being rescued from captivity by his minstrel Blondel de Nelle, who, after wandering from place to place in search of him, "by good hap," as an old historian tells us, "after expence of divers dayes in travail, came neare to the castell where his maister Richard was kept." The host told him that one lonely prisoner was kept there, he knew not who. Suspecting this prisoner to be Richard, Blondel sat beneath his window and sang the first verse of a song composed jointly by the king and himself, to which the former responded by singing the second verse.

Minstrelsy flourished more or less in England till the sixteenth century, when it declined signally, and finally became extinct, minstrels being classed in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign with street rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars, and adjudged to be punished as such. Minstrelsy also gradually declined in other countries after the age of chivalry passed away, that spring-like age that caused poetry and song to blossom into such exuberance. As the world grew soberer and sadder, it put away minstrelsy as amongst the follies belonging to its youth, and so the bards and minstrels gradually fell from their high estate, and at length passed away.

MARY W. EARLY.

FIRST FRUITS.

NEIGHBOR as you are, Peters, you're a stranger in this region yet, and don't know that Satan and me parted company two years ago. He's never on very good terms with folks he can't make considerable off of. His followers are like him in that, too. There's no go-as-you-please on the down course. If a man has such a hankering after wickedness he can't turn his eyes away, he may come to a stand, like Lot's wife, but if he moves at all, it's toward the land of doom, sure as I'm talking.

Well, as I said, Satan and me parted company two years ago. We fell out on first fruits.

Owing to evil ways father got into after living sober and industrious, and saving and slaving half his life, our little truck-farm business was nigh run out when, after ten months' sickness, he died. When we'd laid him away poor, dear mother took heart a bit, but was struck down all in a minute it seemed, and we made her grave beside father's before snow fell.

Left alone in the world the first thing I did was to sell one-half the farm to pay the other half's debts, and run up this little frame. There's the other half of the place, and that brick with the wisteria clambering over it, is the house father built. I did nearly everything myself around here. There's a parlor, two bed-rooms and kitchen, all on one floor. Excepting when the Fabers come for a summering, I'm alone month in and month out, but for all that it's as neat a home as you'd care to see. Always being one of the handy sort I was in no hurry to marry after I'd built. Still, when it come to furnishing you may be sure I bought everything with an eye to the wife I meant to take by and by. I even went so far as to get a hair-pin holder. That's what they called it where I bought the cushion, though how that tiny basket crammed full as could be with some red woolly stuff was going to hold hair-pins was more than I could see.

Before I was eighteen I'd had to leave home and work in the city 'cause father and I couldn't agree, but year in and year out, up to the day I was twenty-three, it was my intention to go back sometime after Angeline Drugg. When I got back for good I found I didn't fancy Angeline. She was a fine-looking girl, married a city chap and lives in style, they tell me. She could dance all night and turn around next morning and do a day's wash without flinching. Coming home from time to time to see mother I got in with her, and there was a sort of understanding between us that kept other fellows away. However, settling down and turning over this matter of marriage seriously I discovered I didn't care for Miss Drugg an atom, and that all my heart went out to a little yellow-

haired morsel in a city court back of where I'd boarded.

I grew from boy to man expecting that this piece of ground would come to me if we could prevent father's drinking it up. Seeing that precious child going out to work morning after morning, and day after day getting thinner and whiter I actually panted to get her out here.

All that summer father was sick I used to imagine him away, and my sweet little Lutin here with just mother and me.

You've seen the waning moon's ghost flitting before morning's light, haven't you? That, and thistle-down high in air, just a shimmer of fairy wings in sunshine, or a bit of sea-foam blown along the shore, anything in fact that was white, fair and ready to vanish, reminded me of the dear girl. I used to shut my eyes and make a picture of her as she would look after being out here a month or two. I would see sunshine turning her hair to gold, warm winds opening roses on her cheeks, and stars, and sky together bringing light and color to her big blue eyes. This picture got to be such a real thing I carried it with me all that winter, getting the place ready for spring, and stared at it after dark sitting alone by the fire.

Next mine was an empty chair I'd got for my wife, when she come. I was pretty close-fisted; excepting the hair-pin holder and a few chromos, that was the only bit of extravagance I fell into. It was cushioned with what looked and felt like calico, and I guess was, only the furniture man called it some high-sounding name so's to put a big price on it. Any way, it was blue with field daisies and yellow butterflies dropped pell-mell on it, and suited me exactly. For the life of me I couldn't put Angeline Drugg in that chair. So, one day I went over to see her, determined to settle the matter once for all.

"Ange," I says, "I'm not fixed in my mind about marrying. I hope if you get a good offer you won't let that old affair of ours stand in the way."

I tell you her sharp tongue made my head ring and her black eyes snapped, but I found out she had her mind on that city chap, and come away light as a feather.

Next April I married Lutin Faber. It's like going back into fire to talk over these things, but I want to tell you how Satan lost his grip. He takes a nip at me here and there, now and then, but his hold's gone.

My little Lutestrang—as I came to call her—was the oldest of nine. They were a poor, sickly lot, from the father and mother down, but the way they rejoiced over every bit of good that come to them, and thanked the Lord for it, was a lesson for luckier folks to profit by. They had what seemed to me then a queer notion about what they called first fruits. A bit of the first money father,

the boys, or any of them, earned at a new place, the first early vegetables or fruit, they put into the collection box, or shared with folks poorer than themselves. This odd kind of a streak run all through their lives and turned up in such unexpected ways and places it bothered me fearfully at the outstart. Why, neighbor Peters, I've even known the three youngest girls to give away the first piece out of a cent's worth of taffy or a bundle of patches.

Well, when I brought my wife home, I found she always wanted some of the first and best. A bunch of early radishes and salad were sent to an old couple up a back court. The Johnny jump-ups went to a sick girl in a garret, and so things run till Lutin wanted to carry the first pick of currants to a woman with a fever.

Now, as I've said, I was tolerably close-fisted, inclined to save, as father and mother was before me, so, not having much in the fruit line either, I wavered.

"See here, Lutestring," says I, "I don't begrudge what goes to your folks, bless them, but this handing out right and left, here and there, won't do. We'll never get rich that way. Currants are scarce. I can get a good price for them in market."

"I've been wanting to tell you, ever so long, that now you've got me to do for, and Andrew to help you, that is enough." The voice that fluttered into my ear—most like as if a hummingbird brushed me—was a meek little affair, but her sweet, field-daisy face all in bloom, and her hair turned to gold, was just as I'd pictured them. "I am sure father and mother will say so, too. I know they would so much rather you'd stop giving to them and give to the poor."

I tell you, if I could have found a more poverty-stricken lot just then, I'd like to know it. And as for stale vegetables and things, all I ever doled out wouldn't have kept life in a baby.

"It's stop giving her folks what won't sell, and tossing off the best to paupers," says I to myself. "I can't afford to do business that way. We've been married three months now, it's time for me to take a stand."

Take a stand I did. I, a big, lumping fellow going on fast for twenty-five, set my heel on the heart and conscience of the eighteen-year-old child I'd vowed to love and cherish. Once started on that road making fine pace was an easy matter. Still, all the while I loved Lutin to distraction, and she would have been happy in her child-like, yielding way, if she hadn't had that notion about first fruits belonging to the Lord and being owed to His poor. Not honoring Him with our substance in that way was like breaking the commandments.

The anniversary of our marriage came round and everything prospered so with me I was like

the man we read of in the Gospel. I wanted to build "more barns." Other ways I was planning to buy back the piece of ground I'd sold, when Lutin got sick. Neighbor Peters, I had a good, old-fashioned Presbyterian mother. She brought me up in the fear of the Lord, and I considered myself a first-class example till I saw the death shade creeping over Lutestring's face. Then I knew my so-called righteousness was nothing but "filthy rags."

Instead of buying land I bought a falling-top and took her out riding every day. I brought the first and nicest of everything that grew, and told her to send it where she pleased.

"Send it for me," she would say, and smile a sweet, vanishing sort of smile, like a peep of sunlight on a winter's morning.

Before the leaves turned next autumn that little white drift of a face was under the sod.

Sitting alone by the fire that winter I'd nothing to do but remember and repent. I'd a long, strong, rough-and-tumble struggle to loosen that close fist of mine and make it a giving hand for the Lord's sake, and for Lutestring's. But, I declare to you, if a fellow wants to get rid of a besetting sin and backs up the grace of God by squaring 'round and doing what sin cries out against, he's more than a match for it every time.

As one and another of these old people and sick folks die and go where there's no more pain, I can't help feeling there comes a time when, sitting down with them all in the midst of the glory, my angel wife hears about the fruit and things I gave for her dear sake.

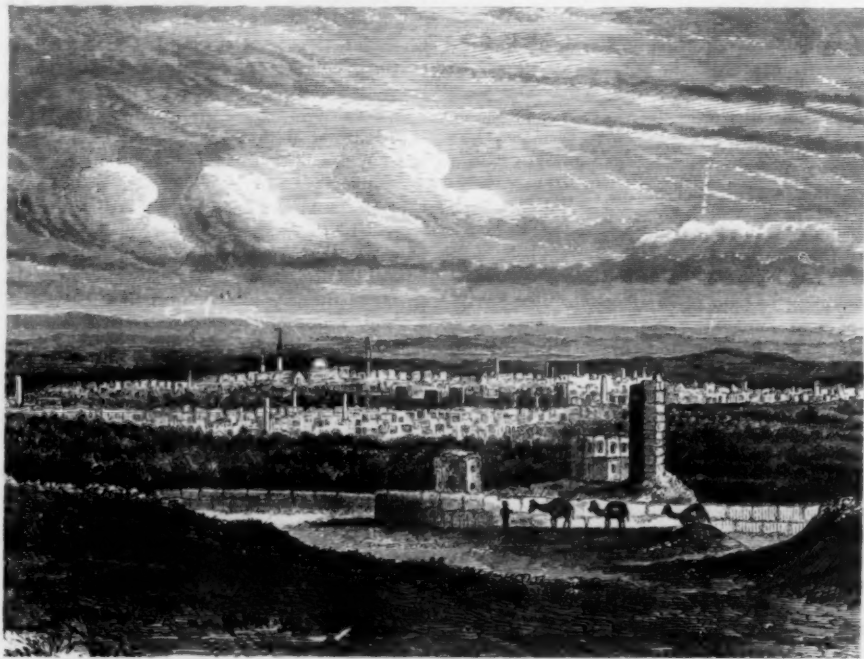
And, maybe it's foolish, yet I love to think there's a harp up there making sweeter melody because of what I do away down here—it's my little Lutestring's harp. MADGE CARROL.

PERFUMES.—A lady may always be recognized by her quiet taste in everything; and in nothing more remarkably is this fact exemplified than in the choice of perfumes which she affects. In France what one may call "violent" perfumes have gone out of date, the ladies there using only those healthy and pure essences which are extracted from the ordinary products of the garden—such as lavender rosemary, and even mint. The flowers of the linden have yielded a delicious perfume, which is one of the recent additions. Nothing more is now allowed than the slight scent which would naturally emanate from the growing flower. It is also considered a mark of good taste to make no change of perfume, but, having once made choice of a favorite, to keep solely to its use. The violet-like scent of orris-root, for instance, is delightful, and is so easily attainable that no one can complain of any difficulty in making up *sachets* to impart its pure fragrance to paper, clothes and dresses.

DAMASCUS.

DAMASCUS is believed to be the oldest city in the world. According to Josephus, it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram and the grandson of Shem. In the fourteenth chapter of Genesis it is referred to as a well-known city, and in the fifteenth chapter it is stated that Eliezer, Abraham's steward, was from Damascus. Upon the road to Damascus occurred the miraculous conversion of St. Paul. Long has it been noted for the splendor of its roses and the sweetness of its plums, the beauty of its brocades and the fineness of its steel. Hence, from the name of the city their respective appellations—damask-rose, damas-

they stopped and uttered cries of joy while showing me an opening on the side of the route. I approached, and my gaze fell across a slope of the rock upon the most magnificent and the most strange horizon that has ever astonished the gaze of man; this was Damascus and its desert without bounds, at some hundreds of feet below my steps. The eye fell first upon the city, which, surrounded by its ramparts of yellow and black marble, flanked by its innumerable square towers, from distance to distance, crowned by its sculptured battlements, dominated by its forest of minarets of all forms, furrowed by the seven branches of its river and its rivulets without number, extending itself to loss of sight in a labyrinth of gardens of



THE CITY OF DAMASCUS.

cene or damson, damask or damassè, and Damascus blade. When taken by the Mohammedans, in 634, it was one of the first cities of the Eastern World. Napoleon threatened it, but, being compelled to raise the siege of Acre, relinquished his design. Those who have pored long over "that Bible of childhood, the Arabian Nights," know the high place it has held in the realms of the imagination.

Interesting to some of our readers may prove the subjoined translation of Lamartine's description of the city from his famous work "*Voyage en Orient*."

"I proceeded at the head of the caravan, at some paces behind the Arabs of Zebdani. All at once

flowers, cast its immense arms, here and there, in a vast plain, everywhere shaded, everywhere pressed by the forest of ten leagues alternately of apricot-trees, of sycamores, of trees of all forms and all in verdure, seemed to lose itself from time to time under the vault of these trees, then reappeared farther in large lakes of houses, of suburbs, of villages; a labyrinth of gardens, of orchards, of palaces, of brooks, where the eye lost itself and left not one enchantment except to find in it another.

"We marched no more; all pressed to the strait opening of the rock pierced like a window; we contemplated, sometimes with exclamations, sometimes in silence, the magic spectacle which un-

rolled itself thus suddenly and all entire beneath our eyes, at the end of a route, across so many rocks and arid solitudes, at the commencement of another desert which has no bounds except Bagdad and Bassora, and which it takes forty days to traverse.

"At length we resumed our march; the parapet of rocks which hid from us the plain and the city lowered insensibly, and allowed us soon to enjoy in full all the horizon; we were not more than five hundred steps from the walls of the suburbs. These walls, surrounded with charming kiosks and country mansions of forms and architectures the most Oriental, shone like a girdle of gold around Damascus; the square towers which flank them and of them surmount the line, are encrusted with arabesques pierced by pointed arches with tiny columns like pairs of reeds; and embroidered by battlements like turbans, the walls are invested with stones of marble, yellow and black, alternated with an elegant symmetry; the tops of the cypress and other great trees which elevate themselves from the gardens and from the interior of the city, rise above the walls and the towers, and crown them with a sombre green. The innumerable cupolas of the mosques and of the palaces of a city of four hundred thousand souls, reflected the rays of the setting sun, and the blue and brilliant waters of the seven rivers sparkled and disappeared alternately across the streets and gardens. The horizon beyond the city was without limits, like the sea; it mingled with the purple borders of this heaven of fire which flamed like the reverberation of the sands of the great desert; on the right, the great and high swellings of the Anti-Lebanon fled like immense waves of shade, the one beyond the other, now advancing like promontories in the plain, then opening like gulfs profound in which the plain was swallowed with its forests and its large villages, of which some count about thirty thousand inhabitants; some branches of the river and two great lakes shone there, in the obscurity of the general tint of verdure in which Damascus seems as though engulfed; at our left, the plain was more vanishing, and this was at no greater distance than twelve or fifteen leagues, that one found again the summits of mountains, white with snow, which appeared beautifully in the blue of the sky, like clouds above the ocean. The city is entirely surrounded by a forest of orchards of fruit-trees, where the vines interlace as at Naples, and run in garlands among the fig-trees, the apricot-trees, the pears and the cherries; beneath these trees, the grassy earth, fertile and always irrigated, is carpeted with barley, with corn, with maize and with all the leguminous plants that this soil produces; little white houses pierce here and there the verdure of these forests, and serve for the dwelling of the gardener, or the place of recreation for the family of the proprietor;

these gardens are peopled with horses, with sheep, with camels, with doves, and with all that which animates the scenes of nature; they are in general of the size of one or two acres, and are separated one from the other by walls of earth dried in the sun, or by beautiful living hedges; a multitude of roads, shaded and bordered by a rivulet of running water, circulate among these gardens, pass from one district to the other, or lead to some gate of the city; they form a radius of twenty to thirty leagues of the circumference around Damascus."

In addition to this charming description, we need say little more, further than that Damascus is the capital of a pashalic of the same name, a division of Syria. Ancient though Damascus is, it is exceedingly well-built, and it is situate only a short distance inland from the Mediterranean Sea, near the northern boundary of Palestine. It is at present one of the leading towns under the sway of the Turks, and is considered by them as one of their holy cities. Here the pilgrims assemble on their journey to, and separate on their return from, Mecca. It has long been notorious for Musulman bigotry and hatred of Christianity, and fanatical outbreaks have been of frequent occurrence. In 1860, no less than six thousand Christians were massacred, and their quarter of the city burned. Formerly no Christian could walk the streets of the city without incurring the risk of being insulted and otherwise maltreated; but during the last ten years the people have learned to have a wholesome dread of Christian nations, and to treat Christians with greater respect. Here, as all over the Turkish Empire, the power of Mohammedanism is waning, and that of Christianity is rising.

WELL-ORDERED HOUSEHOLDS.—Where there is disorder there is no tranquility, no excellence, no advancement, no happiness. Order in families is essential to their peace, elevation and progress. In our households everything should be done at the best time, as well as in the best manner. There should be rules to direct and govern, from which there should be no deviation, unless necessity compel. Disorderly habits, a constant want of arrangement, will entail nothing but loss and misery; and, as the children grow up, these habits will be rendered fixed and permanent, so that they will become men and women, fathers and mothers, without any love of rule or order.

THERE is a common feeling that he who has succeeded against great odds, who has made his mark where those possessed of many advantages over him have failed to make theirs, must possess in himself remarkable elements of success. And the feeling is right. The self-made men are on the whole the safest to be intrusted with great undertakings. The stuff of which they are made has been tested, and has been found to be of the durable kind.

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MILLAIS.

MILLAIS, the eminent painter, an engraving of whose charming picture, "Awake," is here presented, was born at Portland Place, Southampton, England, in 1829. His ancestors resided for many generations at Tapon, in Jersey, and the earlier years of the artist were spent at

bright little boy they had all seen; and their incredulity led to a memorable wager. This wager was a dinner. The officer produced his evidence and won the bet. Some thirty were present at the lost wager dinner; and one of those present, the infant artist, is said to remember vividly the pride and pleasure which thrilled his childish bosom at this early recognition of his power in art.



"AWAKE."

Dinan, in Brittany. At the age of six, his genius began to show itself. Dinan being full of soldiers, his early efforts at drawing naturally took a military direction. Some of these fell into the hands of an officer, who, pleased at the precocity of the child, showed them to some of his brother officers, who refused to believe them the production of the

At the age of nine, his mother brought him to the President of the Royal Academy to ask his advice about the lad's future studies and career.

"Better make the boy a chimney-sweeper than an artist," answered the president, without looking at the boy's drawings; but when he got sight of

them, his tone was changed, and he gave warm commendation and kindly advice.

At the age of eleven, Millais studied in the Academy, but he never had any Continental training. At the age of ten he had won a prize—the first medal of the Society of Arts. But he had a hard upward struggle and a fierce conflict with fortune. He did not gain success until he had conquered all impediments and won it by the force of persistent and long-continued effort. The lesson of his life in this particular should be taken to heart by young artists. There were years in which he did not receive more than from three to five pounds for his paintings, which were for the most part portraits. He made drawings at ten shillings each, and worked at book illustrations. At twenty-two he was elected a member of the Royal Academy, but was met by opposition and jealousies, which greatly embittered his feelings, and had his election canceled on account of his age, which was below what the regulation required. It was not until he was twenty-nine that he became a full Royal Academician. For years he did not earn with his brush an annual income of over one hundred and thirty pounds. For his great work, the "Huguenot," he received only the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, and this was paid to him in installments extended over a long period. When the fortunate possessor had gained thousands by this work, he is said to have given the painter an additional fifty pounds!

Referring to the artist and his works, a writer in the *Magazine of Art* says: "There is in Millais such decisive strength, such passionate ardor and such vital force, that to name a work of his raises up a full image of the picture. It will be enough if we recall here a few only of his leading works. Painting is a language for the expression of thought; a great work of art must be the production of a great mind. Millais's work is instinct with passion and with romance. Its human interest is always deep and moving. As I cite a few of his paintings, the works themselves rise vividly before the mind's eye, and I see them once again. In 1852 appeared the 'Huguenot' and 'Ophelia'; in 1853, the 'Order of Release' and the 'Proscribed Royalist'; in 1856, 'Autumn Leaves'; in 1860, the 'Vale of Rest'; in 1861, the 'Black Brunswicker'; in 1864, 'Charlie is my Darling'; in 1865, the 'Romans Leaving Britain'; 1869 saw the 'Gambler's Wife'; 1870 gave us the 'Boyhood of Raleigh'; 1871, the 'Chill October' and 'Yes or No'; 1874, the 'Scotch Firs,' 'Winter Fuel' and the 'North-west Passage.'

"In Millais," continues this writer, "we have thankfully to recognize our greatest painter. He works with as much power as reticence of power. His works have firm hold of all that can feel deeply and nobly. Hamlet may be played by strolling players in a barn, and its humanities will

yet appeal to the heart, while the same play exercises the highest critical intellect of a Goethe. And so with Millais; he delights a people and rejoices criticism."

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I BUILT a castle grand and fair,
Its towers tall, its turrets high;
It overlooked wide waters where
Swift, white-winged ships went sailing by.

And down upon the gray-ribbed beach
The waves their glittering lengths uncoiled;
Bit at the sands beyond their reach,
And crept back like a spoiler, spoiled.

Mountain and valley, forest, fall,
And idle river winding dim;
My castle looked down on them all—
Unto the world's far purple rim.

Its beams were laid in gilded air,
Its dusky halls were high and wide,
With many a nook and corner, where
The tired soul from itself might hide.

One room was for my love and me,
Its windows looked out to the west,
Where, sailing in an azure sea,
The slow sun sought his golden rest.

Far off the sunset's sapphire burned,
While gold and crimson flamed below,
Till mimic mountains rosy turned,
And faded in a purple glow.

The star of evening trembled there,
As if by dusky breezes swung;
Near by the new moon, faint and fair,
Her dainty silver chalice hung.

A wind came up from out the sea,
With savage hunger in its breath,
Mad waves grew white in cruel glee,
And sullen breakers moaned of death.

I sought, when morning's sun was fair,
With eager gaze the storm-swept skies;
No sign or trace of wreck was there,
Where once the proud walls used to rise.

The trees lay prone upon the path,
A lone spar drifted in to land,
The rocks were torn by ocean's wrath,
And storm-steps marked the fretted sand.

But never more shall red lights gleam
On lofty tower and winding stair,
And none can ever know or dream
Where stood my castle in the air.

MARJORIE MOORE.

OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 7.

LONDON.

"IN London!" exclaimed Katherine. "It makes me breathless only to imagine it!"

"The first thing which strikes one," observed Dr. Kent, "is how truly it fulfills the signification of its name—built on the Thames whose flowing tides roll beyond the city, and which bear large ships to the port of London, and barges and boats more than a hundred miles above, it is indeed 'a city of ships'—a centre of commerce to all the world. There is a network, vast and intricate, of communication with the most distant isles and seas."

"There is a poetic as well as a practical side to trade," said his wife. "I have never realized this more fully than when watching the unloading of some great trading vessel, and seeing the boxes of fragrant tropical fruits, the spices and silks, the carved work in ivory and wood, or perhaps grain, and timber, and furs brought into the great store-houses of a large city. If it should be during a London fog when the streets are so obscured that one would not be surprised to find one's horse with his head in the front door of a house, and the counting-rooms are lighted with gas at noon, and everywhere there is a perpetual descent of tiny black particles of soot and coal-dust, the contrast is still more startling with the vivid scenes recalled by association of the countries whence these products are brought—the far-off southern isles, and mighty tropical forests and jungles, the strange, dark faces of the native workmen in Japanese and Chinese villages, the golden grain fields of the West stirring in the fresh wind, and the birch and firs of Canadian woods with the foot-prints of the martin, the sable and the beaver in the snow. One feels then what a widening education it might be to the mind to live where the sea roads lead everywhere—to the very ends of the earth."

"All nationalities seem to be gathered together in London," remarked Miss Alice. "I was startled the other day to read in an article in an English review that London contained 'more Jews than Jerusalem, more Catholics than Rome, more Mohammedans than Constantinople,' besides its vast English-speaking population. I believe the inhabitants are numbered as three millions and a half. The mental power and influence of such a place must be very strong, Dr. Kent."

"Yes, there is a continual pressure of intellectual excitement and an unceasing stimulus to exertion. The whole atmosphere of life is pervaded with a restless electricity and stir. Some writer very truly speaks of 'the nation of London,' for it is very distinct from the rural districts and the mountains of Wales and Scotland that lie so near it."

"Do you remember Wordsworth's sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge, 1803?" I said. "It expresses very fully to me the majesty of the great city, and yet there is a freshness of conception which shows the writer has come from a more quiet region of lakes and hills, and is only entering the crowded and hurried life of the metropolis—not yet fully imbued with it."

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

For a moment every one was silent, hushed by the intensity of the feeling expressed in the exquisite lines of one whose insight grasped the spiritual as well as the external aspect of all things. Harry Halstead's eyes darkened and kindled as if he had felt the magnetic drawing which attracts all young and eager hearts to a great gathering-place of men. Frederic looked with a questioning glance toward his father.

"Is London still growing in size?"

"Yes, the suburbs are continually stretching farther and farther onward on every side, and the houses and streets creep on and on like a steadily advancing army."

"It is no wonder then that England holds such far-off countries—Australia, India and the many islands under her flag. It is the character of her race to grow and rule."

"But," exclaimed Katherine, "they rule by virtue of suppressing and holding in check savage instincts, of bringing law and justice among barbaric tribes. At the time of the Indian mutiny one Englishman was sometimes left in the midst of hundreds of natives, keeping the disaffected in check, encouraging the loyal, organizing the uncertain and manacng the turbulent, by only the invisible power of English justice behind him. English conquests are not entirely selfish, or they would not last so long. Like Rome they bring the power of law among unrestrained and ignorant races. Their power lasts because of the good they can give these, not because of their navies and treasures, although they seem the means of victory."

"I think," said Mrs. Stacy, "that America is as greatly to the honor of England—having inherited all from her race and her past—as the British dominions, which still have the old flag

waving over them. We are more truly English in our very independence and self-reliance than the colonies, and the reverence for England as a 'mother country' is with the cultivated and thoughtful, not declining, but steadily growing in strength."

We laughed at Mrs. Stacy's patriotic warmth.

"I doubt," said Mr. Elmore, "whether England would own us as more truly English, though I think your remarks are very correct."

"I always felt sorry for the Tories," said Miss Alice, "after England was defeated. Their loyalty to the land of their birth was condemned as disloyalty to the land of their adoption, their wealth was confiscated, they were distrusted and disliked by their neighbors, and even England neglected their claims. It must have been pathetic to see the disheartened and dejected Tory gentleman in a crowd rejoicing loudly over the victories of soldiers whom he considered as rebels against their king, and huzzing and tossing up their hats in jubilant congratulation over their separation from the birthplace of their fathers."

"No doubt their lot was an evil one, unless they succeeded in returning to their old homes in England, yet there was a higher loyalty in George Washington and his followers to the everlasting principles of truth and right than in the blind personal devotion to George III. It was well for the world that the strongest element in the contest was also the highest and truest faithfulness."

"I suppose the charities of London are very extensive," said Mrs. Elmore, "to touch such a population."

"Very extensive and very effectively organized. Alms-giving, without knowledge or distinction of persons, is discountenanced, but in its place the higher form of charity, which unceasingly endeavors to supply the spiritual and mental, as well as bodily needs, of the poor, to teach them to live a pure and happy life, to aid them permanently by enabling them to aid themselves, is growing steadily. Miss Octavia Hill is a well-known instance of one whose charity is not an impulse, but a habit, whose whole life is laid down in their service. In order that the degraded and poor should feel what home is, their teachers have, in several cases, made their abode in the very wretchedness of their own precincts, by their loving and untiring efforts proving themselves true disciples of the Master, who for our sakes, was 'made flesh, and dwelt among us.'"

"I suppose our time will not allow us to enter into the details of charitable institutions, such as hospitals, homes for orphans, guilds for visiting the poor and sick," said Mrs. Stacy.

"I think we could scarcely do the subject justice, but there is a writer, George Macdonald, who in his beautiful and earnest stories, has entered into the description of this far-reaching work with the

deepest and tenderest sympathy, and the wisest insight. I will only mention one instance of fulfilling the law of love, which Christ dwells upon especially when he says: '*I was a stranger and ye took me in,*' as it may be new to most of us present. There is a 'London Caravansera,' as it is well called near the docks, a boarding-house, where for a very small sum, or if necessary, gratuitously, safe lodgings, good food and all desired information are afforded to the helpless Orientals from India, China, Africa, etc., who arrive in London, ignorant of the English language and laws, and ready to fall a prey to every dishonest person. The attendants in the house are familiar with many dialects and Eastern tongues, and are able to prepare the dishes desired by their visitors. Their money is kept safely for these as long as they desire it, and they are assisted either in obtaining employment, or a safe passage home. In case of illness these poor, aliens receive every attention and care. One has to see the pitifully forlorn expression of these strangers, puzzled by the foreign tongue and customs, chilled by the colder climate, and feeling themselves utterly helpless, to understand what a boon this house is. It was in my eyes one of the most striking illustrations of the common brotherhood of humanity I had ever seen."

"What public building did you visit first, doctor, on your arrival in London?" inquired Harry Halstead.

"The British Museum, as I happened to be accompanied by a gentleman who felt special interest in Eastern antiquities. By the way, this museum may well be considered a mental Caravansera, for books of all ages, languages and topics are collected here. A lifetime might well be given to the writing and arrangement of its catalogues alone. In 1835 the library was composed of sixteen different libraries, the last being that of George IV, consisting of 65,000 volumes, besides numerous additions made by purchase, bequest and donations. All authors and publishers are required to present a copy of their work within a month after publication. There is no student of science or philosophy; no specialist in learning, that cannot find works in all tongues, on every subject which he wishes to examine, from old MSS. or scrolls to the most modern editions of to-day. Nor is he without the finest illustrations of science and antiquity, for there is a fine collection of shells, minerals and geological specimens, fishes, birds, etc., also a large number of interesting portraits for the historic student, and a gallery of sculpture and collection of curious relics. There are bricks here from Babylon, and an Egyptian sarcophagus under the same roof as the lovely Portland vase, exquisitely wrought by artistic fingers, and discovered near Rome, and the Elgin marbles from the old temples of Greece, and the

marbles from the temples of Apollo at Phigaleia."

The boys had been speaking in an undertone to one another when the doctor ceased, and presently one of them said to Miss Alice: "Would you not like to teach us geography and history there? After we had recited our lessons on Asia or Australia you might drive with us to the Zoological Gardens to show us all the animals that inhabit those countries."

"Yes; indeed it would be charming to me also. We could see the amphibious animals in their lakes, and the tropical beasts in a temperature kept artificially warm for their needs. Afterward, in the great Kew Gardens, we might study together the plants, the fruits and flowers, even the forest trees of the same countries. We could look at our leisure at the tree ferns and eucalyptus trees of Australia, and the orchids and palms of the

would be carried into a room one hundred and fifty feet in length, where there are represented horses mounted by armed riders, each wearing the dress and armor of his age, and over each a banner, on which are written the name, and rank, and period of the hero beneath. You can see how the knights used to look with helmets and nodding plumes, breast-plates and shields, and scarfs embroidered by their fair ladies. You would find here also the spoils of the Spanish Armada and Asiatic armor from England's conquests in the East—the arms of Tippoo Saib and other Eastern princes, besides many other military trophies. Then if you were tired of thinking of battles—I should be, though the boys might not," she added, with an arch glance at her scholars, "we could enter the Jewel office, brightly lighted, where in dazzling splendor you see the glittering crowns and sceptres, all inclosed in plate glass.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

South, as well as the stunted arctic vegetation of the North."

"O Miss Alice," exclaimed Mrs. Kent's little daughter, drawing her low chair a little closer, "you would carry your class in English history to the Tower?"

She smiled, and replied rather to us than the little girl beside her.

"There are few places of more historic interest. First built to hold the city in awe, then in turn a royal residence and a royal prison, now an arsenal and the place of deposit for the British regalia. How many, famous in history, proud in rank and achievements, must have entered there with heavy hearts. Every revolution or political change, every national crisis must have left some mark here in its ebb and flow. If I were to take you there," she continued, to her little auditor, "you

The most brilliant of all is the crown of George IV. It is arched with diamonds, and around its base is a fillet of large pearls, mixed with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and amethysts. In the centre on one side is a peculiar sapphire of deep azure, on the other the rock ruby, worn by the Black Prince, and by Henry V, at the battle of Agincourt. You see, that, as usual in history, we return to war.

"You may see a fitting end to warrior, and statesman, and royal ruler in Westminster Abbey, where all rest together in the chest, at least so far as the garment of the body which they have laid aside, may be regarded. It is in its solemn, long-drawn aisles and beneath its echoing arches that each tragedy dies into the end—the last requiem for the 'mighty dead.'"

"How old is the abbey?" asked Katherine. "I

cannot imagine Westminster as new, or half finished, or begun. I feel as if it had always been venerable."

"It has been so for many and many a year, for it dates back to the reign of Henry III, and its Gothic architecture well expresses the character of awe and venerable sanctity which should dwell above the memorial place of a nation."

"Who was the architect, or rather I should ask who were the architects of Westminster? I believe a great cathedral or abbey was often the growth of centuries in which one master workman succeeded another."

"That is very true of Westminster Abbey, for no less a person than Sir Christopher Wren gave its finishing touches, which brings us to a comparatively recent date. But I am sorry that I cannot tell you anything of its earlier artists, though no doubt accounts could be found of these. The abbey is divided into chapels and filled with monuments, and the whole style of its architecture is exceedingly ornate. The walls are inclosed 'as if in meshes of lace-work,' it rises in spires and turrets, it is fretted and vaulted, and its carvings are like embroideries in stone. Most of the kings of England were buried here, except George III and his family, and George IV, whose bodies were laid in the royal cemetery at Windsor. Henry VII's chapel contains many royal monuments."

"Is not the celebrated stone held sacred as the pillar on which Jacob rested when he beheld the angels ascending and descending, which was taken by Edward I from Scone in Scotland, kept in Westminster?" asked Frederic.

"Yes, in Edward the Confessor's chapel. Perhaps," I added, "your remember the prophetic rhyme written on it by Kermet, the Scottish king:

'Where'er this stone is found (or fate's decree is vain)
The Scots the same shall hold, and there supremely
reign.'

I suppose they read its fulfillment in the descent of Queen Victoria from the Stuarts, the royal house of Scotland."

"In the chapel of St. John and St. Michael," said Katherine, "there is a splendid piece of sculpture by Roubiliac, in memorial of Lady Nightingale, which mocks all other royalty by its intense representation of the power of death, the king of the grave, as he aims his dart at the breast of the beloved wife, from whom the husband vainly seeks to ward off the blow. There is something peculiarly forcible and touching in his attitude and expression of anxiety and tenderness."

"During my last visit to Westminster, as I was leaving the Poets' Corner, where lie Chaucer and Spenser, masters of an enchanted land, Milton, Dryden, Cowley, Prior, Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith

and many other writers who have ruled our hours of leisure and of study by their strong and musical words, I had the enjoyment of seeing Dean Stanley, so well known in England and America by his broad church sympathies, his earnest knowledge of history and his genial and manly spirit. But it was not as the dean or the writer that I thought of him, but as he is represented when a boy at Rugby school by his school-mate, Thomas Hughes—the innocent little Arthur in "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," whose religious and simple faith burned upward like a flame toward heaven."

"How I should like to see him!" exclaimed his little daughter. "But he is grown now; he would not look like Arthur did."

"I saw some other children that looked just as you would fancy Arthur to have done," continued her father, "at the evening service at St. Paul's Cathedral. It is open for service three times a day, and the responses and anthems are chanted by the chorister boys, all dressed in white, with the loveliest, purest voices you ever heard; every note is as clear and true as a silver bell, and some of the faces were unusually sweet and intelligent, and full of an earnest interest."

"St. Paul's Cathedral is not a Gothic building, but Corinthian, and in the form of a Greek cross, is it not?"

"Yes; and it would present a noble appearance from every point, were it not so crowded by other edifices near it. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren on the site of a former church, which was so ruined by the fire of 1666, that it was necessary to remove it entirely. You may imagine how high the dome must rise when I tell you that the small cross which is seen upon the ball is, in reality, thirty feet high. There are various statues and monuments within the cathedral—of Howard, Bacon, Reynolds, etc. The most impressive inscription is the following epitaph in Latin upon a slab over the entrance of the choir. I give you a translation of it: 'Beneath, lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself alone, but for the public. Reader, do you seek his monument? Look around!'"

"This will seem still more appropriate when you remember how permanently he influenced the architecture of London, there being more than forty churches there, which were built either by him, or after his designs."

Our chairman looked at his watch and announced that we had been thirty-five minutes beyond our time.

"We cannot leave London this evening, surely," we all exclaimed, appealing to our president.

"By no means," she replied, smiling. "The next evening, and, if necessary, a third, might be given especially to this subject. We will all gain

more distinct impressions if we do not receive them all at once."

"I have not half begun to realize London yet," said Harry Halstead, with a comical look of dejection.

"That proves that you are beginning to have a true conception of its greatness and importance," we retorted.

As we said good-bye to our president and the Elmores, and ran down the front steps, all the boys burst forth into the chorus:

"And in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!"

ELLA F. MOSBY.

JANET.

SEEN him often, hain't ye, stranger? playin'
round about the place,
Yellow curls forever bobbin' round a little
freckled face,
Hands not over-clean it may be, bare feet patten'
to and fro,
Never restin' for a minit, allus trottin'—that's my
Joe!

Did you ever hear him singin'? Why his voice
is like a bird!

Beats the bobolinks and linnets—sweeter songs ye
never heard;

Such a lovin' little feller, allus runnin' for a
kiss,

An' 'twas, "Mammy, let me help ye," or 'twas,
"Mammy, I'll do this."

Well, ye see, I've lost him, stranger; I can't find
him anywhere;

I have searched the whole farm over, till I'm sure
he isn't there;

Through the long nights I keep harkin', hopin' I
shall hear his tread,

Pears to me I can't sleep easy till I've tucked him
safe in bed.

There's a man in yonder prison, shut up there for
life, they say,

One who in a drunken passion killed his comrade
in a fray,

And they said with pityin' voices, 'twas my boy
that struck the blow;

I remember 'twas the mornin' that I lost my little
Joe.

Why, he was that tender-hearted that he wouldn't
hurt a fly,

An' a little, tremblin' sparrer was enough to make
him cry;

An' so, when the neighbors told me, I looked up
at them and smiled,

But they couldn't understand me when I said I'd
lost my child.

Oh, yes! I was at the trial, for I thought it best
to go,

'Cause they all would keep insistin' that the
prisoner was my Joe;

An' he cried out, "Mother! mother!" when they
took him through the door;

But I'm sure I don't remember ever seein' him
afore.

Ah, they shake their heads and whisper, "Poor
Janet, 'tis very sad,

She has been jest ravin' crazy sence her boy turned
out so bad."

But some day, when I'm a-watchin' at the winder,
I shall see

Those same yellow curls a-flyin' as he trudges
home to me.

Well, good-day, I must be movin', for 'tis growin'
very late,

An' suppose he should be waitin', as he used to, at
the gate!

If ye ever see him, stranger, jest be sure an' let me
know;

Tell him mammy 'll hunt the wide world over for
her little Joe!

RUTH REVERE.

A MATTER OF CALCULATION.—Marriage-brokers are quite important business men in Genoa. They have pocket-books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, etc. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections; and, when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relatives, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another, and it is only when everything is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage-ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match on condition of defraying the brokerage and any other expenses incurred.

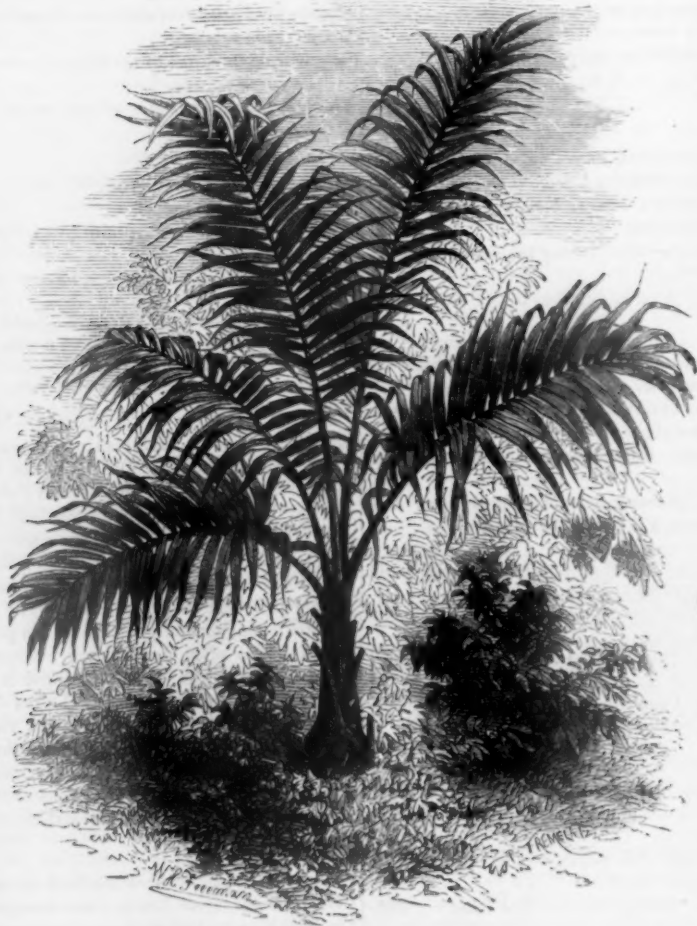
LITTLE PLEASURES.—Happiness is composed of many small joys. Trample not underfoot, then, the little pleasures which are scattered in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great joy, we are apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

THE ARECA FAMILY.

THE name of Areca is given to a beautiful genus of palms mostly found in the East Indies.

The *Areca catechu* produces the well-known betel-nut, for which purpose it is very generally cultivated. The nuts are cut into slices, wrapped in the aromatic leaves of the *Piper betel* (betel-pepper plant), and then chewed. The leaves are

where it is now prevalent from the Red Sea to Japan, both amongst males and females. It is asserted to improve the digestion and preserve the teeth, and other excuses for the habit are also made. It gives to the tongue and palate a blood-red hue, and in time turns the teeth perfectly black. The Malays get really hideous from the constant use of these nuts, but the Chinese are exceedingly careful to remove the stain from their teeth. It is



previously covered with a thin layer of shell-lime to retain the flavor longer in the mouth. In most parts of the East Indies the natives are perpetually chewing these nuts. They are of course more accurately termed catechu-nuts, having taken the name of betel-nuts from the leaves which are chewed with them. The habit was at one time confined to the islands of the Malay Archipelago, but has extended thence to the continent of Asia,

fashionable for persons of rank to keep the nuts ready prepared for use in splendid cases worn at the girdle, and when they meet, it is the correct thing to open their cases and offer catechu-nuts to each other, as some people offer snuff in Europe.

There are several species of the Areca. Our picture shows the *Areca rubra*, a very graceful variety sometimes seen in English palm-houses. It grows to the height of about thirty feet, and

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bears a pinkish-white flower. It is a native of the Mauritius, from which specimens were first brought to England in 1823. By some authorities this tree is placed in another genus, under the name of *Euterpe piniifera*, but the preponderance of opinion is in favor of its being an *Areca*.

There is another species of the same genus, presenting a widely different appearance. This is the *Areca oleracea*, the cabbage-palm of the West Indies, one of the most beautiful and stately of the palm tribe, and hence in some of the islands called the palmetto-royal, and described by different authorities as growing to a height of from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty feet. Ensheathed in the foliage at the top is the crisp, white (so-called) cabbage, about two feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. When eaten raw it tastes something like the almond, but is more tender and delicious. It is usually cut into slices and boiled, or fried in butter, and served up as a vegetable with meat.

OUTER AND INNER.

"**D**O you think that my hat is becoming,
Dear auntie? And how is my hair?
My fur sacque was a present from brother,
Just suiting this chill wintry air."

"Oh, yes, your attire is most tasteful,
Of nothing I think you have need;
Your outward adorning is faultless,
And you are a darling, indeed!"

"Now your dress is arranged, quite forget it,
For pride brings a stain to the soul;
Form and feature must fade, but the spirit
Lives on while the ages shall roll."

"Seek, oh, seek then, the inner adorning,
That ornament priceless and rare,
A spirit meek, loving and quiet;
Such beauty of soul *all* may share."

KATE SUMNER BURR.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE says that he has never been able to perfect a plot for a novel beforehand. "I have to confess," he continues, "that my incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on, and not my story to fit my incidents. I wrote a novel once in which a lady forged a will; but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confesses her guilt. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately."

VOL. XLVIII.—7.

FROM THE DIARY OF DOROTHY FLEMMING.

SUNDAY, January 20th.—I can never hope to forget this night. If my body should be opened I as surely believe that January 20th, 18—, would be found engraved on my heart as Queen Mary believed "Calais" would be discovered on hers. It has come at last—this first and utterly irremediable break in the family circle—this great change in our lives. I can scarcely write for crying. I forgot that change must come to us—that some day we must be divided. Oh, life is cruel! I never thought that Vally, my precious sister, my pet, my only love, would ever care for anybody as much as for me, and here she loves some one better, for she has gone and got engaged! It is too dreadful—I can't endure it—I wish I could die!

And we were so happy only yesterday—we four—papa, Aunt Kate, Vally and I. But Vally has blasted it all. I have yet to write the hardest part of it—*she never told me a word about it!* and I had not the slightest suspicion of it. I had no idea that this was what Eugene Marston meant with his calls, and his flowers, and his bon-bons. Aunt Kate says I ought to have known, but it is no more than Vally received from Bob Harrington before he went to Brazil, and I warrant that Aunt Kate herself never attached any importance to them.

The news first came through papa to-night. Eugene called as usual, but asked for him instead of Vally, and although it was only Eugene, papa actually changed his coat, and brushed his hair, and then went down with the queerest mixed-up expression of gravity, importance and repressed mirth. I turned interrogatively to Aunt Kate, but catching on her countenance her knowing, uncommunicative look I just saved myself from one of those teasing replies in which she so much delights, and went in search of Vally to ponder it over with her, but no Vally was to be found.

I know now where she was, shy little thing, hiding in the pantry to escape me, beyond the slightest doubt. I rushed at papa as soon as he came back, and demanded the why and wherefore of a proceeding so much beyond my insight, but without a word he pushed apast me and went to Aunt Kate's room. I followed in silent astonishment, and then I noticed that he was quite white, and that his eyes had in them a curious, dreamy, resigned look I had never seen there before, so I waited breathlessly for him to speak, thinking, the while, of everything terrible imaginable excepting that. When at last he became conscious of our anxious faces he told us that Eugene had asked for Vally, and how nobly he had done it, and that he was a fine fellow, but that it was hard to give up his dearest daughter, excepting me (there's only the two of us, you know), but no doubt if mother

had lived she would have approved the match, etc. To all of this I listened in a dazed sort of way, and then as I suddenly realized what it meant, I cried: "You don't mean that our Vally is going to get married! O papa, how could you give your consent to that!"

He laughed and said I would know when my turn came. Aunt Kate laughed, too, and said Vally had put my nose out of joint, I being the older by two years. But papa stopped her with: "Time enough, sister Kate. The birds are already trying their new-fledged wings, and soon you and I will be just where we left off twenty-one years ago."

His voice was very sorrowful. Aunt Kate tried to look sympathetic, but the delight of her matrimonial soul looked out at her eyes, and presently she began talking about the *trousseau*! That was too much, and flashing on her a glance called up from the very depths of my outraged feelings I hurried from the room, and after an hour's crying have come to you, diary, to tell you all about it, and how miserable I am, otherwise I believe I should burst. Vally and I have always vowed never to get married, but to live for each other and papa. She never did anything in the whole course of her existence before without consulting me, and now you see what has come of it. It is not only the meanest, but the most misguided act of her life. I can't see what she did it for. It is not because she needed love, for she has always received a world of that from us; nor happiness for she has always been as gay as a bird. As for Eugene, I shall never consider him anything but an interloper.

Later.—Vally came up just now and asked, with such a bright, shy face, if I *knew*. Thereupon I broke out and told her just what I thought, for I am not one to dribble out my mind. She put on a most amazed look, and said she thought I would be glad, and that she was sorry I took it so. And as for not telling me beforehand it was something girls could not talk about to each other, *as one day I might know myself*. That insinuation put the match to my temper and I burst out in one of my terrible ungovernable rages, and as usual made a fool of myself. I suppose I said something dreadful—I always do at such times—for she grew very red, and shut down her lips in a way she has when she is angry, but she made no reply. Vally's forte is not "answering back," but unfortunately it is mine, and knowing this she turned on her heel, and with a gesture of disgust and impatience, that cut me more than if she had railed for a week, left me for Eugene. So it will be through life. Great heavens! I can't bear it—I can't do without her. She has been my pet, my baby since ever I can remember. We have never been separated before; she has always looked to me for everything, and I have lavished my whole heart on her. But I

see she is just like *other girls*. I can't say anything worse than that.

Monday, January 21st.—Still I am crying, but these are penitent tears. I am unutterably ashamed of those last pages written in my wild anger and blind injustice. After Vally had gone down I shed an ocean of tears—I had no idea before that my lachrymal resource was so great. I was sitting at the window with the gas down when I saw Vally and Eugene at the gate. It was bright moonlight, and he was going. They stood hand in hand, and presently he bent down and kissed her, and *she let him!* After that, although I shall love Vally as well as ever I shall never again want to kiss her quite so much—she holds her kisses too cheaply. am quite cool now, but I was mad then and panted for revenge. Knowing she would soon come up to bed I ran to the little sewing-room intending to spend the night there, because I knew it would worry her nearly to death. I heard Vally come up and then Aunt Kate follow—to congratulate her, I suppose—but she found her in tears, and soon ascertained that I was the cause of them. In a fit of righteous indignation Aunt Kate bore down on me, swept me up before I knew it, hurried me into the room and shutting the door emphatically left us together. I felt injured and far from amicable, but I was forced to acknowledge that I was censurable in making this night of all nights so disagreeable to her, and as she had deigned to cry over it I had no objection to meet her, if she made the first advance. But when I saw her seated on the side of the bed with her face in her dear little hands, looking so awfully ill-used and woe-begone, I just went up and put my arm around her. She did not repulse me, my precious Vally, but just dropped her head on my shoulder and sobbed quietly. Then she told me how hard and cruel I had been, and that she had wanted to tell me all about it, but she couldn't, not if it were to save her life, and if I were angry at her even Eugene couldn't make her happy. I felt as if I were a fiend to cause her such distress, but all I could say in excuse was that I loved her so, and that she was all that I had. When she found I was crying, too, she grew frightened (for I am not given to tears) and implored me to stop, saying everything she could find in her loving little heart to console me. At last we succeeded in comforting each other, and after I had laughingly extracted a promise from her never to go and get engaged any more, we went to bed and to sleep hand in hand. But oh, what a dream I had! I thought that Eugene forced me into a dentist's chair, and in spite of my cries and tears, pulled out a sound, white tooth, and it bled and bled, and all night I was wild with the pain and loss of it, at last waking myself and Vally with my sobs and moans. I told Aunt Kate, and she, with her usual aptness,

said it was a sign that I should lose a friend. I know she was thinking of Vally, but before I'd be that superstitious—.

Tuesday, January 22d.—Last night Eugene gave Vally the ring—a flashing, solitary diamond. Just as soon as he placed it on her finger she came straight up-stairs with her hand over it, and did not uncover it until it met my eyes. She said she was determined that I should see it first in spite of any obstacle that might present itself. Was that not too sweet? She looked as excited as if she had braved a hundred dangers. And this is the return I made: "Umph," I said, sarcastically, "now I see the good of getting engaged." But the next instant I was awfully sorry, and kissing the face so quickly saddened, I said everything sweet I could think of. Then she asked, hesitatingly if I wouldn't come down and say something to Eugene. My first impulse was to give an indignant refusal, but remembering how shamefully I had already behaved I could not be so cruel as to wound her again, and thus allowed her to draw me down. When I beheld the destroyer of my happiness I felt an almost irresistible inclination to tell him that I wished he had never been born, but conquering it I offered at once my hand and feeble congratulations, which he accepted most gracefully. Vally said, afterward, that my manner would have been just perfect had the occasion been one of condolence.

If Vally must marry, I suppose Eugene Marston is about as nice as any man would be for the purpose. He is tall, and straight, and manly enough, I must acknowledge. Vally has been perfectly lovely to-day—it is her way of acknowledging a fault, but for all I feel as if the order of the universe had been reversed. It seems as if I had never rightly observed Vally before, and I take in her new points with a depressing sense of her unnaturalness, and an increasing awe of her superiority, for she has penetrated the great mystery of love. She feels her dignity, too, and has already assumed little matronly airs toward me which are at once amusing and exasperating. I asked her how she ever happened to fall in love, and she confessed, rather reluctantly, that she had never an idea that she had until Eugene proposed! Bah, I don't believe in this thing which, par-excellence, is called *love*, and I can't believe that Vally cares more for Eugene—a *strange man*—than for papa, or me, or even Aunt Kate; as for his loving her as much as we do, it is supremely ridiculous, and yet I suppose he imagines he does.

Sunday 27th.—Is it possible that it has been only a week since that great event? It seems more like seven years. It has been a period of continued disappointments and painful surprises. Vally's engagement has effected a revolution. I thought her betrothal only meant that some day she must leave us. I could not know it meant

this. This means that we are already separated though in the same house, the same room. Eugene has entirely blotted me out. I could resign myself to giving her to him some part of the day, but he has usurped every minute, for when she is not with him in body she is in mind, and though we may sit together with our work as of old she seems far away. The dreamy smile which hovers over her lips tells only too plainly the nature of her thoughts, and if I speak she comes back with a great start, and evidently has to make an effort to answer me coherently. Often I get up and leave the room, and she does not even know that I am gone! At one time if I stirred, it was always: "Where are you going, Dorothy?" She has embittered my nature. I am growing crabbed and misanthropical. I despise my kind, and long to write some terrible satire more scathing than Swift or Thackeray ever dreamed. This engagement has had a generally pernicious effect. For instance, the other evening, feeling sort of aimless, I went in for a little chat with the "lovers." Eugene and I had always found something to laugh and talk over before the engagement, but to my intense disgust I found him completely changed. He seemed content to sit there dull and taciturn, with Vally's hand in his, as if, now that he had gained his ends, it was no longer necessary to make himself agreeable. It is my opinion that people in love should be transported to some out-of-the-way region so that civilized beings should be in no danger of running in contact with them.

February 1st.—Last night Vally and I were seated in the drawing-room in the moonlight when Eugene came in. It was so bright that we did not turn up the gas. I knew he was not pleased to see me, and that Vally was anxious for me to go, and therefore it was with the greatest satisfaction imaginable that I dropped him a mocking little courtesy, and settled myself comfortably directly in front of them. I was in a perverse mood, and their stolen caresses were like gall and wormwood to me. As I watched his lips travel with light touches from her hair to her eyelids, and from thence to the rosy lips, he reminded me of a great bumble-bee sipping at a honeysuckle; and then I fell to wondering where on earth Vally had ever learnt these pretty new tricks of hers. Just at that point in my reflections Eugene said: "Well, Miss Dorothy, give us the benefit of the view from your stand-point."

"Shall I, Mr. Marston?" I asked, pertly, inferring by voice and manner that it would not be the pleasantest thing to hear.

"It is too ridiculous the way you Miss and Mister each other," Vally put in, in an injured tone.

"It is not my fault," said Eugene.

"Oh, I am quite willing to take the blame," I answered, demurely, and then Vally cuddled up

to Eugene, and spreading her fan, innocently, gave him a noiseless kiss under its protection, the opened sticks enabling me to see, quite plainly, the whole transaction, and therefore it was with a significant laugh that I intimated that although love was blind other people were not! Whereupon Vally endeavored to draw Eugene to her with an air so protecting and motherly, that I could not refrain from asking why she did not take him on her lap!

In return Eugene surveyed me as a big dog would an aggressive little "pug," but before long I felt the weight of his paw. I had gotten well started in a disagreeable, satirical vein, giving only too pointed an application to my remarks when I suddenly found I had gone too far by seeing a tear roll down Vally's cheek and splash on Eugene's hand. I had had just time to feel a sharp twinge of remorse, when the outraged lover rose, and, before I could guess his intention, lifted me, chair and all, in his strong hands and set me outside of the door, closing it emphatically in my very face! For one minute I fairly boiled with rage, and then struck by the comicalness of it all I shook with repressed laughter, after which, in pursuance of a sudden idea, I noiselessly rose and stole away. I knew the thought that I might still be there in so close a proximity to the door would sufficiently avenge me. But that moment in the chair outside the door had a salutary effect. My eyes were suddenly opened to my childishness and want of dignity. No man would have dared to treat me with such indignity had I behaved properly. And I solemnly vow no man shall ever do it again—that in future I shall behave in a manner becoming an elder daughter and sister.

February 10th.—Have carried out my plan so effectually that I have made myself and everybody else miserable. In my endeavor to be dignified and self-contained, and to show myself independent of Vally, and indifferent to Eugene I have become perfectly unbearable. It is no wonder that Vally is unhappy until Eugene comes, and then in such a state of ecstasy that it sets me all but crazy. The truth of the matter is I am wildly jealous of Eugene, and now that I have discovered it I shall conquer it, for I have no right to be such a torment to Vally or myself. From this date resolve to take just what she gives me, to accept the fact that a sister's love cannot be the first love of Vally's heart, to bide my time when the novelty of this new passion wearing off she shall recognize the worth of my affection, and to take as my motto, *not to love less, but to expect less.* There it is all in a nut-shell.

May 10th.—Three months since I last wrote! How queer all my frantic outpourings sound now. It took many long weeks to put the above resolution into practice, and I suppose it is as much due to time as to my will that I have at last done so. I cannot say that Vally and I have exactly re-

sumed our old relation toward each other—there is an intangible something that constituted its chief beauty that seems forever lost. It may be contained in the fact that I am no longer *first*. But I do not complain. She is very, very happy, but it is not with the old sunniness that warmed us all—this is an exclusive sort of happiness that sheds no radiance on anything but themselves. I have only one thing more to conquer in order to be quite serene—my positive aversion to Eugene. I just *hate* him!

June 1st.—Bob Harrington's come home! He was to see us this afternoon. He has grown exceedingly handsome, and looks as polished as if he had just come from Paris instead of Brazil. Eugene is nothing to compare to him, as I take pains to tell Vally. The girls purpose getting up a picnic in honor of his arrival, and he has actually asked if he might not be my escort. It seems strange it should be I—it was always Vally since they went to school together. But he knows he can't have her now. Vally and I are just now absorbed in planning our toilets and lunch-baskets.

June 9th.—The day after the picnic. Everybody pronounced June 8th a red-letter day. But I must start at the beginning. In the most perfect of mornings, Vally, Gene, Bob and I (and the baskets), stood on the piazza waiting for the stage. Vally looked just lovely, and Gene fairly glowed with pride as he surveyed her.

"Don't Dorothy look pretty?" Vally said, with her usual generosity, but he took his eyes from her so lingeringly that I turned on my heel so that if he ever did succeed in withdrawing his gaze from her he was rewarded by my back view.

The stage thundered up fairly radiant with happy faces and picturesque costumes, and in another second ours were among the number.

I sha'n't attempt to describe the spot that had been selected—the shady trees and the clear, flowing river—or the grand luncheon which of all things seemed best to meet the demands of the men's finer organisms, but I must give a word to the rowing. Three boats had been hired for our pleasure, and Gene had placed his (a long, narrow, racing barge) also at our disposal.

My first row was with Bob, who took two or three of us out in a broad-bottomed boat that leaked undeniably. Bob succeeded admirably in discovering concealed rocks, and more than once nearly decapitated the whole party by running us unexpectedly under the branches of over-hanging trees, but I did not realize how bad it all was until Gene, in his swift barge, shot past us with long, easy pulls, feathering the oars at every stroke, Vally his companion who, although she waved her hand triumphantly, looked scared to death, for she stands in deadly fear of water. I was bored then until we landed, and Eugene asked if I wouldn't

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give his boat a trial, and as it is not in my nature to refuse such an offer I was soon in Vally's much coveted place. I suppose he wanted to show me how vastly superior he was to Bob, for he certainly exhibited the river and his rowing to the best advantage. I was in a state simply beatific, the gentle cadence of the oars bringing a corresponding song to my lips, but I scarcely knew that I was singing until Eugene begged me to repeat it, as it accorded so well with the scene. I was surprised to find that much sentiment in him, and therefore would not discourage it by a refusal. As long as I sang it was all right, but as soon as I began to talk it was just the reverse, for we got into an argument which I soon made disagreeable with my vehemence, and as he worsted me on my own grounds it was with no regret that I at last caught sight of the landing.

We found Bob and Vally where we had left them, but the rest of the party had straggled away through the trees: Under the pretense of joining them I wandered away, too, and felt very picturesque and romantic until an old cow, that seemed to be sharing the general mood, frightened me back to the encampment, where I found all hands packing up in great haste under the inspiration of a threatening thunder-cloud.

When we were at last packed in the stage, I found our party all mixed up, Bob and Vally being together, and Eugene looking around for a seat. I made room for him beside me, and asked how it was that he and Vally were separated, adding that Vally looked much distressed, which she certainly did—for a second.

"Oh, I guess it will not make much difference; she and Harrington get on very well together," he answered, morosely.

Perceiving that he was mad with jealousy, I tried to explain it away, for I knew any disagreement between them would fairly break Vally's heart; and I succeeded, for he was in quite a good humor when the stage stopped at our lane, where Gene thought it advisable for us to alight. Perceiving at once that Bob had no intention of changing places with Eugene, I said: "O Bob, is it possible that you are carrying that heavy basket by yourself? It contains all our 'crockery,' and I insist on sharing your burden."

So, without more ado, in spite of his protestations, I hooked on to the basket, and Vally skipped ahead, and was received by Gene very amicably. Bob fairly glowered at me, but I looked quite unconscious, and to regale his soul told him how perfectly enjoyable boating was if one had a good oarsman like Gene—that was in return for his conduct to me.

June 20th.—Bob Harrington is here some part of almost every day. As Vally is engaged, these calls are supposed to be paid to me; but I cannot think that I am the attraction, for, unless Vally is

present, he seems to find me very uninteresting; and last week I caught him trying to steal a flower from her hair; but she detected him in the act, and said, "O Bob!" so reproachfully, that he instantly begged her pardon.

The other evening Bob and I were playing chess in the library when Gene and Vally came in. Her hair was all frowzy, as it generally is since she has been engaged, and Bob asked, sarcastically, if she did not want his pocket-comb. Whereupon she blushed and pouted, and since then pays more attention to her coiffure.

"You are playing chess!" she exclaimed, a moment after, delightedly, adding: "Gene can't play at all, and Dorothy only imagines she can, so that I haven't had a decent game since you went away."

"Oh, take my place—Bob will excuse me," I said, gladly, and Gene bore me off to the organ to play and sing for him.

By way of thanks, I suppose, he said: "It is well you cannot always be singing, otherwise people might make the mistake of thinking you sweetness itself."

I merely laughed, for I know I am not amiable.

That evening was the first of many like it. Since then there is always a game of chess to be played between Bob and Vally, for there is always a defeat on one side or the other that *must* be cancelled. The game progresses so slowly that the best part of the evening is consumed, and Gene and I have had time for a dozen quarrels.

July 5th.—I took Vally to task for leaving Gene so much alone, and like a good little girl she gave up chess at once; and Bob has substituted euchre for it, at which we all can play.

July 30th.—Lately, Vally is not at all like herself. She is so troubled with headache that frequently she cannot see Gene when he comes. It has made her terribly despondent, and all her old love for me has come back in a great wave; but I can find no happiness in it, for it seems to rise from some sore need of her heart. I would much rather that she forgot me in her old, happy absorption.

August 8th.—Vally is better now, and she begins to smile to herself and forget me again. She takes long walks of afternoons, which necessarily are solitary, as Gene has gone West on business, and I am busy with nursing Aunt Kate (who is ill) and attending to household affairs. Vally hinted at its being selfish in her leaving me with so much to do, but I told her emphatically that her headaches and sleepless nights (which now she is rid of) caused me more discomfort than any amount of work, and that she *must* continue her walks. Bob don't come so often now, and it seems quite unnatural with both him and Gene away.

September 1st.—Since last Saturday, my soul has gone through the valley of the shadow of death.

I could not write of it before—I doubt if I can now; but I'll try. Gene had written that he would be at home Saturday, and at the house in the evening. Vally took her walk in the afternoon as usual, and came home looking frightfully ill. After supper she said: "Dorothy, can you come up-stairs? I want to see you for a few minutes." When we reached our room, she freed herself from my encircling arm, and said, solemnly: "Dorothy, I have something to tell you—something awful! I can't accept your trust and love any longer, when I am so unworthy. I am very miserable, Dodie; and even though I have at last come to the determination to take off the ring, it has made me no happier," and she pointed to her jewel-box, in which sparkled the ring she had exhibited so proudly but a few months ago. And then wringing her jewelless hands, she said, with quiet despair: "O Dorothy, *I do not love Eugene!*"

"Not love Eugene—*Gene!*" I repeated, uncomprehendingly. "But you are engaged."

"Unfortunately, that don't alter it."

"You don't mean that—that all those kisses and caresses meant *nothing!*" I gasped.

"O Dodie, don't bring them up! Oh, how am I ever to tell him *I do not love him!*"

"Vally, you don't love any one else?" I asked, solemnly.

With that she threw herself at my feet like a child, and burst into wild sobs and tears, imploring me not to be harsh, and to listen to her story patiently, else she should die. Her cry was so piteous that I sank down beside her and raised her tenderly.

"I do love some one else," she faltered; "but I shall never marry him. I condemn myself to do without him *all my life*, even as I force Gene to do without me. To-day I bade Bob Harrington a last farewell." Here the memory of that parting nearly overcame her, and with a voice penetrated with anguish she wailed, "We shall never meet again!" Then she continued with more composure: "It is not my fault that I love Bob. I believe, unwittingly, I have always loved him; but when Gene asked me to be his, I imagined the delight I found in its novelty and importance to be love. When Bob came home, I felt my whole soul turn to him; but I did not know it meant anything until it was too late! God knows I tried to conquer it—you know of my headaches and sleepless nights; but when I found my love reciprocated it was all over with my struggle. O Dorothy, it will break Gene's heart, for he loves me so much—so much. If it were right, I would fulfill my engagement; but he is too proud, too just, to take me when my heart belongs to another. And, O Dodie, dearest and best of sisters, you will not despise me if I ask you to tell him all this? I cannot."

"Why, Vally, how can you ask me such a

thing?" I cried, indignantly. "If you cannot say it, at least you can write."

"What, with this hand?" and as she held it up it shook as with palsy."

"Wait until you are stronger, then."

But she cried bitterly: "Oh, don't you know that every hour it is deferred makes it harder? Besides, he will be here *to-night!* There, I hear the door-bell now! It is his step—his voice! For Heaven sake, don't refuse me! If you don't want me to die at your feet, go!" and raining passionate tears and kisses on my hands, she hurriedly snatched up the discarded ring, and pressing it in my palm, forced me by her very vehemence to the door. In my childishness and inexperience, I was not fit for the task I had assumed.

The eager, expectant look on Eugene's face vanished when he beheld me instead of Vally; but in an instant it was replaced by one of compassionate anxiety, and he said: "Why, Dorothy, I am afraid you are ill—is anything the matter?" And then, with sudden terror, he exclaimed: "Vally—where is she?"

I made some answer, I don't know what, and then stared at him blankly, conscious of only one thing, and that the ring in my hand. But when he approached, and tenderly lead me to a seat, I cried: "O Gene, I have bad news for you—the very worst that can befall you!"

"Not the very worst—you say Vally is alive and well."

"May you always think that; but—but," and bursting into tears I stretched out my hand and revealed the terrible secret.

He saw at once it was *the ring*, though he did not comprehend its import; but seeing that its touch petrified me, he took it and laid it on the table.

"Try not to cry, but tell me what it means," he said, still gently.

In another second I found myself hurrying through the story, but leaving out, from sheer inability to tell it, Bob Harrington's part in it. I tried to plead for Vally, but I could say little in her defense. I felt his wrong too deeply.

When I had finished, he said, quite calmly, but with a white face: "This should have come from Vally. Go tell her I want to see her. I cannot but believe that this is all a mistake."

"It is *not!*" I cried; and then I had to tell him the most shameful part of the story—that she loved some one else!

His face was something terrible to see then; and seizing the ring, he flung it into the open-grate fire.

After that it is all confused. I remember hearing a violent slamming of doors, but I cannot distinctly recollect anything until I felt Vally's tears on my face. I pushed her away with words of

bitter reproach; but when I beheld the poor, white, scared face, I could do nothing but press it against my breast and mingle my tears with hers. If I had not insisted on those afternoon walks, perhaps this had never been.

September 20th.—Eugene has gone away to some foreign country, and Bob, on finding Vally obdurate to all his appeals, has gone, too. Oh, love is a terrible mistake. It has blighted our lives.

March 2d.—Six months since I last wrote! I write now to chronicle the only gleam of sunshine that has penetrated our lives since that awful day. It is a letter from Gene! This is the way it came to be received. About three months ago I found Vally writing a letter, which she so blurred with her tears that when she passed it to me to read I could scarcely make it out. But, although it was so touching that it nearly moved me to tears, too, I condemned it because it seemed to me that the injury she had inflicted was too great to admit of an apology, and that it but exposed her to his reproaches. But she would send it, so that he might know that he was not the only one miserable. And it is this letter, which we had despaired of ever receiving, that has made this day less dreary than the rest. It grants her prayer, but it is as cold and concise as an official pardon. However, it speaks of me kindly, saying that he would avail himself of this opportunity to testify his appreciation of the part I had taken on that fatal night, and to beg me to forgive and forget his boorishness! Was he boorish? I did not know it. He said not a word on the subject of his feelings.

Vally seems a trifle brighter since the letter came. I shall make use of his apology to me to answer his letter, in order to let him know that poor Vally is not heartless, and that Bob Harrington is also a miserable wanderer.

April 20th.—An answer has come to my letter! I can never tell you how beautiful it is, or how sacred in its noble sorrow and magnanimity. He says that he loves Vally so much that it costs him additional pain that she is unhappy, and that he begs her for his sake—ay, even as an atonement—to recall Harrington!

I told Vally, but she is invincible. She seems bent upon doing full penance for her sin (for so she regards it), and it would not surprise me to find marks of the discipline across her tender shoulders, or that she wore a hair shirt. She is so sad, so sweet, so self-sacrificing, that it is heart-rending, and I believe if she keeps on this way she will kill herself.

July 6th.—I have done it! Obtaining Bob's address from one of the many letters he continually sends Vally, and which she never opens, I wrote to him to come home if he valued her life, and not to fear for the result, as I was assured that his personal presence would do more to overcome

her scruples than anything else in the world. To-day he sent me word that he is at home, and asking what course he should pursue.

July 9th.—It has succeeded! After instructing Bob, I sent Vally on an errand to Mrs. Gray, the farmer's wife who serves us with butter and eggs. She was gone *three* hours, during which I was fairly wild with excitement, spending the time alternately in frantic prayer and craning my neck to see down the street, for I knew the result depended on whether she came home with Bob or not. At last, to my great joy, I caught sight of Vally, and she was not alone! If there was ever a deplorable-looking pair of lovers, it was they. They looked exhausted and tear-stained; but something revealed that they had weathered the storm and reached the haven of peace.

By the time Vally sought me, I had composed my countenance into a perfectly matter-of-fact expression. I foresaw that she would be hysterical, and to avert a scene I said, coolly: "You needn't expect to take me by surprise. I saw him come in at the gate. He looks much better with a beard. I suppose I might as well go down and congratulate him without further delay, for it is the most sensible thing that either of you have done in a year."

Swallowing a sob from sheer surprise, she fell in with my mood, and before Bob had gone the pending hysteria was dispersed, and she was just as happy as she would allow herself to be.

July 11th.—Vally won't let Bob give her an engagement-ring. She says it would only remind her how lightly she held the other betrothal, and that Bob had better not trust her until he has placed the wedding-ring on her unfaithful hand. She never cuddles up to Bob or raises her sweet lips to be kissed. She denies herself all that; but I can see that she fairly adores him, and that in her heart she is very, very happy, although she pretends still to mourn her sins. I can't help thinking about Gene; my heart bleeds for him when I see them happiest, and sometimes I find myself regarding Vally with reproach.

October 2d.—Vally and Bob were married yesterday, and have gone away. Although I feel desolate, yet am I content, for it is the best thing that could happen. Do you remember how I bewailed the first realization of the fact that Vally was to be married? I cannot regret the suffering I have passed through, for to it I owe this frame of mind. But has Gene anything to console him? It is a year now since he went away.

April 2d.—I have not heard from Gene for *two months*! I bore his silence patiently as long as I could hope that the *next* mail would bring me a letter; but I can hope no longer. I did not know that I owed the fortitude with which I have sustained Vally's absence to his letters until their support was withdrawn. I want my sister

home again! O Vally, why have you deserted me!

April 4th.—Gene's home! If I should write those words as many times as my heart repeats them, it would keep me busy for the rest of the day. I went out for a walk yesterday afternoon, and somebody overtook me with quick, ringing steps, and somebody halted at my side, and said, "Dorothy!" in a voice that called my eyes, with my very soul in them, to his face, and it was *Gene*! He has not changed much, only browner, handsomer and a trifle graver, which last disappears in his smile that is, oh, so kind! After the greeting was over, he told me that I had been his consolation in all those weary months; and when at last he realized what a poor return his letters made for mine, and how ill he could show his gratitude with his pen, he decided to come home and try to express it in other ways. He talked quite easily about Vally and Bob, and said that he had greatly felt my loneliness. When we arrived at the gate, I asked him to come in, but he said: "Not yet, not yet. We are all creatures of habit, you know, and I don't believe I could enter that house unless as somebody's lover."

Something, I don't know what, in his accent made me say a hasty good-night, and run in. Gene seems just like a brother. I never had a brother, you know, but I can imagine how a girl would feel toward a brother so good, so true, so chivalrous, so worthy of all love as Eugene.

May 7th.—No, diary, not even with you can I share what he said to me last night. O Vally, darling, forgive me that I should have ever blamed you for giving the first place in your heart to a "strange man," and that man—*Eugene*!

I. J. ROBERTS.

"FLOWERS THAT NEVER DIE."—Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," gives us a most touching instance of the love of flowers to linger upon the spots where they were once tenderly nurtured. Being in search of a pedigree with reference to the Findernes, once a great family seat in Derbyshire, he sought for their ancient hall. Not a stone remained to tell where it stood. He entered the church—not a single record of a Finderne was there. He accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes. "Findernes?" he said. "We have no Findernes here; but we have something that once belonged to them. We have Findernes' flowers." "Show me them," he replied; and the old man led him into a field which retained traces of terrace and foundation. "There," said he, pointing to a bank of garden-flowers grown wild—"these are Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land; and, do what we will, they will never die."

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.*

A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

IT would be nine years in September since Lenox Dare went away from Briarswild. They who waited in the June twilight said this to each other, and found it hard to believe their own words. Time had passed smoothly and rapidly over the Mavis household. The first year of Lenox's absence had, of course, been the one when she was missed most keenly. Yet it was not in the nature of mother or son to indulge unavailing regrets.

Lenox's letters, too, seemed almost like that young joyous presence in the household. Her friends knew from month to month where she was—what she was doing. She wrote always in the confident expectation of returning the next year. Some good reason as constantly delayed that event.

"But it was only one year more, after all," Mrs. Mavis would say, with her usual habit of looking at the bright side of things, and Ben always acquiesced with apparent cheerfulness. Each knew, too, that the separation might be ended any moment. Tom Aphorp would keep his promise. They had only to speak the word and Lenox and her uncle would cross the sea. That conviction, however, imposed a double reticence upon the pair. They would never stand in the way of the girl's highest good.

But at last she was coming home! They were looking for her as the brown, summer twilight deepened in the air, and they sat in the sitting-room—so little changed—where Lenox had stood on that night when she first came to them. They thought of this sometimes, although they did not speak of it—perhaps they would not—even if a third—one who had never seen Lenox Dare—had not sat with them.

There was a kind of repressed excitement in the air. Even Mrs. Mavis's busy hands were still, while her ears were strained, listening for the sound of carriage-wheels up the road. It was by no means certain the travelers would arrive that night. The steamer might not be in time for them to take the early train. Then they would in any case, be tired with their long voyage. Mrs. Mavis said this to Ben, and then she remembered there could be no rest for Lenox Dare like that which awaited her under the roof at Briarswild!

Mrs. Mavis's face wears its old brightness as she sits there in her black silk dress and becoming cap. If she has grown thinner and older, that will be left for Lenox to find out. Ben, seeing her every day, is not conscious of any change. The

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nine years have set their mark on him in all gracious ways. Nobody can look upon the broad-chested, shapely-limbed, manly young fellow without admiring him. He has grown used to responsibilities, to respect and a certain deference from those about him. His shrewd sense, his cool, practical judgment, gave his opinions great weight in the county and outside of it. Mrs. Mavis has written to Lenox that there is talk of sending him to Congress; but Ben's ambitions do not at present incline to politics, whatever they may do ten years later. Meanwhile the old Mavis farm thrives under its young owner's care, and the affairs of the county usually prosper when he has a hand in them.

The third person that waited, as I said, with the mother and son that June twilight was a young woman two or three years past twenty. If you saw her for the first time your inward exclamation would be, "Oh, what a pretty creature!" and the thought would be sure to repeat itself every time you turned to gaze on her. Her glossy hair, full of rich auburn tints, her face with its soft curves of youth and health, her eyes of the summer's own blue, and her delicate rose-bloom made a picture, not of marvelous beauty, but of rare prettiness.

Dorrice Cropsey had been at the Mavis's farm for the last two years. She was an orphan—her only kin a brother who was seeking his fortune at the West. She was a niece of the husband of Ben's aunt. The Mavises had found the girl with their relative on their last visit. Dorrice was a mere child at the time, but her bright prattle and rosy face had helped to cheer the darkness of those days. On his way West, Dorrice's brother—a good many years her senior—had brought his sister to visit at Briarswild. She had remained there ever since. Mrs. Mavis had become attached to the girl. Ben liked her, too. Indeed it was impossible to live with Dorrice Cropsey and not like her. She was an arch, playful, warm-hearted creature. If she was not brilliant nor witty she had pretty, quaint ways and turns of speech. She sang about the house like a bird; she flitted around the rooms like sunshine. Dorrice was on the *quiver* with expectation. She had been hearing about Lenox Dare ever since she came to the homestead. She had listened to her letters and was prepared to admire her immensely, for Dorrice had the capacity for worship of simple, ardent natures. She was dressed daintily in some light, cool, summer fabric with pink ribbons at her throat. Her cheeks and eyes had an unusual glow. Young Mavis noticed that when he roused himself from a reverie. They had all been a little silent, since they came in an hour ago from the supper-table.

Dorrice looked so pretty that Ben smiled at her. That frank, kindly smile, letting one a little way into his soul, brought to light the secret thought

that had been at work in Dorrice's head all day.

"She has seen so much of the world—she is such a grand lady that I am almost afraid to meet her!"

"You need not be afraid, Dorrice," said Ben.

One might almost fancy there was a ring of exultation in his voice.

At that instant they caught the sound of wheels up the road. A moment later a carriage was in sight. It whirled rapidly along. It was at the gate almost before they were at the door. The next moment a lady, young and rather tall, had leaped, light and graceful, to the ground.

"O Mrs. Mavis!" she cried. It was the voice of Lenox Dare. It thrilled the evening with its old familiar sweetness.

"Oh, my child!" cried Mrs. Mavis, and the two women hung speechless upon each other.

Ben was there—Lenox saw him a moment later—standing in his strong, handsome young manhood by the side of his mother. Before she could speak, her uncle had joined the group, and the two men were clapping hands.

At the door Dorrice met them with her smiles and roses—a welcoming Hebe.

As Lenox crossed the threshold, Mrs. Mavis called to her: "Stand still, my dear! My eyes have grown dim! I want to see how you look—to find out what all these years have been doing to you!"

Lenox stood still, and the hall-light streamed over her, and the four people gazed upon her.

The summer after Lenox Dare went abroad she and her uncle were among the Alps. One afternoon they were coming down a narrow pass, to their hotel in the valley below. Lenox's cheeks were flushed and her eyes brightened with the toil and excitement of her five hours' climb. A couple of young men, turning a sharp corner of the rocks, came suddenly upon the girl and her uncle. She had paused a moment to take breath, leaning upon her Alpenstock. She wore a straw hat, and a simple mountain-suit. As she looked up and returned the strangers' salutation, all the color about her was in her glowing face. One of the young men a minute later, remarked, with a slightly foreign accent, to his companion: "What a handsome creature she was!"

Lenox's uncle knew she overheard the remark. She started and glanced up at him, with a face full of surprise and a heightened color in her cheeks; but she said nothing.

That evening, however, he noticed that the girl was absent, that even the view from their hotel-window of snow-capped ranges touched with rosy light failed to attract her. They were standing together, when he turned and said to her, suddenly: "What is it, Lenox?"

She hesitated a moment, then she answered with

her usual transparent frankness: "You heard what that young man said after we passed him this afternoon?"

"I heard, Lenox?"

"Can it possibly be true? I never dreamed of such a thing," she added, this last remark to herself.

Tom Apthorp watched his niece curiously. She actually went across the room to a mirror, and surveyed herself in the glass from head to foot. Her uncle knew enough of womankind to perceive what a turning-point this might be in the girl's life. He felt as though he could have sent the young fellow to the bottom of the Alps. Lenox's simplicity had had an endless charm for the worldly-wise man. Was all that gone now? he asked himself. Had the breath of the world passed over that virgin-freshness and dimmed it forever?

In a few minutes Lenox came back to her uncle. There was a puzzled look on her face.

"Uncle Tom, can it possibly be true?" she asked again, with an earnestness that was half-amusing, half-pathetic.

The man looked at her a few moments, silently, critically. He tried to divest himself of any partiality which might bias his judgment. What a girlish, half-childish face it was under the shadow of those masses of hair! It was a face dark and thin. Its curves lacked roundness, its cheeks lacked color. But there could be no question about those marvelous eyes, or the delicate arch of the dark brows, or the perfect line of the lips behind which glimmered the beautiful teeth that were the birthright of the Apthorps. Plainly it was a face that had not come to its possibilities. Her uncle felt that any opinion he might now express would be premature. But Lenox found that long, silent gaze insupportable. She had flushed to her temples and was turning away when her uncle spoke: "Ask me this question eight years later, Lenox, and I shall be able to answer you."

"Eight years later!" repeated Lenox, with an incredulous laugh. "By that time, Uncle Tom, I shall be too old to care about my looks!"

But it seemed to her uncle she was never the same simple, unconscious girl, after she caught, in the Alpine pass, the stranger's remark that afternoon.

She never recurred to it, however, and it was more than eight years before her uncle did. They were in London and had been to dine with some of his old Calcutta friends. His niece had been as usual the life and charm of the banquet.

"Lenox," said her uncle, when they were alone together, "you remember that first summer we were in Switzerland how we both overheard a remark about you as we came down the mountain pass?"

"Perfectly."

"You asked me a question that night which I was not then prepared to answer. I promised to do it, however, eight years later. You have not asked me that question again."

Lenox came now and stood before her uncle.

"There was no need I should ask you, Uncle Tom," she said, with a kind of triumphant thrill in her voice. "I knew!"

"And you are glad of it?"

"Glad! I am a woman and you can ask me such a question?"

"I should not, Lenox, if you had not seemed to me almost absolutely free from vanity."

Lenox Dare stands only a moment in the hall at Briarswild with the light flooding over her. But it is long enough. No one who saw that picture will ever forget it, and of the four who gazed on the woman, one was her lover.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Mavis, in a tone that was half-amazement, half-motherly pride, "you have been growing a beauty! I never dreamed of your doing that."

Lenox has been pretty well surfeited with flatteries, but Mrs. Mavis's honest verdict brings the crimson to her cheeks; her happy laugh rings again through the rooms. Then she turns and lays her hand on young Mavis's arm.

"How tall you have grown, Ben!" she says, gazing up at the broad-chested figure, "and," lowering her voice a little, "how handsome!"

Mr. Apthorp enjoyed keenly the surprise that his niece's beauty created among her old friends. The travelers had hurried from the steamer, not stopping for even a day's rest after their voyage.

"We can take our ease at Briarswild, Uncle Tom," Lenox said. "Until we get there I shall have no rest—even on my native soil."

She went straight to the sitting-room. She could not fail to remember now that other night when she stood here a worn and homeless wanderer. As she glanced around the familiar room that old scene rose before her. She could not have spoken her thought at that moment even had her uncle not been at her side. He did not suspect the memory that shook her at that moment, but two others knew and kept her secret. But a little later, when she had taken her old seat by the window, a look of ineffable content stole over the beautiful face.

"How good it is to be at home again!" she murmured.

She said that to herself constantly for days and nights that followed. She roamed about the house and grounds like one in a happy dream. The morning after her arrival she went to Dainty's stall. The creature whinnied when she heard her mistress' voice, and felt the touch of those soft fingers about her mane. The little high-bred colt that had played so important a part in Lenox's history, was always kept in splendid condition. The men believed

that young Mavis would sooner have parted with all the animals in his stables, than with that fleet, gray mare.

Once more the old rooms were filled with the bright, magnetic presence. There was so much to hear and tell after these nine years that seemed hardly like two now they were all together again. The changes they had wrought in Lenox grew more apparent the longer one saw her. She had gone out from Briarswild a mere slip of a girl—she came back to it now, a graceful, elegant woman.

Tom Apthorp had kept his word. He had more than fulfilled the promises he had made to his niece that summer afternoon in the Mavis orchard. To indulge his young kinswoman, to afford her every advantage and opportunity which had been denied to her childhood became the central purpose of the man's life. No doubt a secret remorse was at the bottom of all this. Tom Apthorp spared neither time, pains nor money in the accomplishment of his purpose. Lenox had the best masters the world afforded. She studied the languages in their native air. She visited the great capitals of Europe; their palaces, cathedrals, picture-galleries. The treasures of all the schools of art were laid open to a soul which nature had formed to enter far into their secret, and read their meanings of eternal truth and beauty. Her life was full, rich, varied. Her uncle watched with secret pride and delight the blossoming of this rare flower into womanhood.

"My little girl shall have the best of the world at last," he said to himself.

Each year his plans for her development, his desire to afford her new opportunities took some fresh form, some wider range. It was these alone which had kept them so long abroad. A return to Briarswild—even for a visit—would have seriously interfered with his plans at the time.

To one who understood there would have been something pathetic in the man's resolve not to lose a moment, to secure the best for Lenox while there was yet time. He never thought of his dead sister without a pang smote his conscience for his long neglect of her orphan child. A coarser nature would not have so sternly reckoned with itself, a commoner one would not have been so passionately bent on retrieving an unconscious wrong.

Tom Apthorp had, through his long residence in India, a wide European acquaintance. In whatever country they traveled, he could introduce his niece to the best circles. She met the most celebrated men and women—poets, artists, statesmen—the genuses, the commanding intellects, the great brains and hearts of the world. Sometimes in the midst of spacious thronged drawing-rooms, Lenox Dare's thoughts would suddenly slip away to the old turnpike, to the little attic-chamber, with its small window-panes and its rows of books; she would see herself a lonely orphan

girl feeding her soul, like Charles Lamb, on "that fair and wholesome pasturage of English reading."

Perhaps that sudden vision in the midst of all the splendor made Lenox Dare's heart pitiful for all desolate young souls, and kept her head from growing a little giddy in the world's atmosphere of prosperity and flattery.

She began to be very much admired. Her beauty opened slowly year by year into its perfect flower. Then she had a power, a fascination, which went deeper than all her beauty, which would hold men and women when that faded. She had a marvelous gift of drawing out the best, sincerest side of people. In her companionship men and women seemed to find anew the dreams of their youth, the aspirations of their noblest hours. Women of the world, dizzied by its flatteries and ambitions, seemed in her presence to go back to the fresh heart of their girlhood.

If she was such a joyful, stimulating presence in the lives of her friends, it is impossible to say what she was to her sole kinsman. His love and pride centered themselves on her, the last of his race—the young girl who took the place of wife and daughter to the wifeless, childless man.

Indeed, Tom Apthorp used sometimes, half-laughingly, half-seriously, to assure his niece that she was the sole obstacle in the way of his taking a wife—very likely some blooming young damsel—old fellows with pates as white as his were always making fools of themselves in that fashion.

And Lenox, with a great archness gathering in her dusky eyes, would insist she could, if she chose, retort with terrible effect when he laid his old bachelorhood at her door.

"I know perfectly well what that means, my dear," her uncle would answer. "You are, in the eyes of many a gallant Ferdinand, his fair Miranda, whom he would gladly rescue from her tyrant of an uncle, her vigilant old Prospero!"

And Lenox would laugh gayly, and assure her uncle he was worth all the "gallant Ferdinands" in the world. She was thoroughly in earnest. No man, in her heart and thought, could take the place of her grand, noble Uncle Tom. She repaid his devotion with a passion of gratitude. That atmosphere of mystery and romance which, in Lenox's eyes, had invested her uncle when he first appeared to her—a marvelous surprise from the ends of the earth—still surrounded him.

With her woman's intuition, Lenox had divined the secret remorse of her uncle's life. She never quite forgave herself for the reproaches that had once broken from her. Since that time, neither had alluded to them. Lenox could not save her uncle from the stinging memory of his long neglect, but she had her own ways of showing how she felt all he had done for her—what he had made of her life in these later years. Their con-

fidence in each other was absolute. The stately, handsome, elderly man, and the young, beautiful woman, were often taken for newly-wedded husband and wife—a fact which, whenever it came to their knowledge, afforded the pair infinite amusement.

CHAPTER IV.

LENOX DARE had been at Briarswild three days when she and Ben Mavis came out on the piazza for a walk. It was the loveliest of evenings, with a faint humming of winds and a great summer moon in the sky. He gave her his arm, and for a little while they walked in silence. The moonlight shone on the beautifully-shaped head, on all the clear, delicate curves of cheek, and lip, and brow of the woman, and on the strong, broad-chested figure and handsome face of the young man.

Ben was nearly thirty now, though he hardly looked so; and one would not have taken Lenox to be twenty-five, though she was past it; her life was of those that need the slow, rich summer—not the light, swift spring—for their unfolding.

When Lenox looked up, she met the glance of Ben's clear gray eyes.

"They seem like a dream, Ben," she said, "these nine years since you and I walked here on just such nights as this."

"You thought of the walks, then, sometimes, Lenox?"

"Thought of them?" in a surprised, rather hurt tone. "I don't believe you can imagine, especially now you have asked that question, just what it seems to me to be walking here again."

"I, too, have thought of those old evenings, Lenox," he said, with a voice steady as her own, "when I walked here in the moonlight alone."

She heard the words without dreaming that any hidden meaning lurked in them. In all these years, a suspicion that young Mavis's feeling for her was unlike her own for him, had never crossed her mind. When they first met, Lenox was too much of a child for any possible dream of love. Then the very closeness of their household life had not been in Ben's favor. Her imagination required mystery and distance to fascinate it. Ben had seen this long ago; his love had made him wise; he knew their intimacy had been his misfortune.

"You are just the grand, loyal fellow you always were," said Lenox again. "I knew how you would miss me and think of the old times, and wish they were all they had been before Uncle Tom came. O Ben!" her voice suddenly shook, "do you think I can forget?"

"Forget what, Lenox?"

"Where I was when you first found me. What I was that night when I came here and you took

me in. I never could speak of it to Uncle Tom, because I knew it would hurt him. But there was never a day in which I did not see myself shivering on the threshold, and you bending over me, with your boyish face full of pity and kindness as an angel's. It always seemed to me that I had not been half grateful enough—"

Young Mavis suddenly stood still, as though a blow had struck him.

"I hate that word!" he exclaimed, in a tone of passionate bitterness. "Never let me hear you speak it, Lenox, as long as we both live!" His voice was half a groan and half a command.

She was a little startled at his vehemence; but it was like him, she thought. The generous soul resented any hint of debt on her part.

"Forgive me, Ben; I did not mean to pain you," she said.

"I am sure of that, Lenox."

With her woman's quick tact, she began to talk of other matters—of the household life so little altered, of the delight of coming home and finding so few changes in the people or the world around her, making it seem after all as though she had only been gone on a visit.

"A visit that lasted nine years, Lenox," suggested Ben.

"I know; but they hardly seem like two to-night."

He did not reply, and after a little pause she spoke again: "There was another evening, Ben, which I used to remember almost as often as that first one."

"What evening was that, Lenox?"

"It was the one before Uncle Tom came. Everything that happened about that time was always coming up to me. You and I had a long walk on the piazza. It was just such a summer night as this—not a cloud in the sky, only the stars and a great, solemn moon. I plucked my solitary tea-rose, and fastened it in your button-hole that night. Of course you have forgotten all about it."

"No, I have not forgotten. I have kept that withered tea-rose all these years, Lenox."

Had any other man than Ben Mavis made this speech to Lenox Dare, it might have awakened some suspicions in her mind. She was a woman. She had learned the power of her beauty, the spell of her charms. But her grateful, sisterly affection for young Mavis had no touch of romantic sentiment. The notion of his being her lover would have seemed as absurd now as it did in the days when Guy Fosdick used to jest about him.

"Have you that rose still?" she asked, surprised and touched. "And my little bush with its one flower has spread into a green thicket! I could not count its blossoms now. Do you mean to say, Ben, you have tended my rose-tree through all these years because of that flower I gave you?"

"I mean to say just that, Lenox."

Whenever he recalled the talk of that night, this moment always seemed to Ben Mavis its most perilous one. A fierce desire surged through him to turn and clasp this woman madly to his heart; to tell her what she had been to him all these years; to pray her to have mercy on the love which had become in silence and absence a part of his life.

And while the fire leaped along his pulses, and the brave young heart and the strong brain wavered, he heard again the sweet, thrilling voice at his side. She was speaking of his mother.

"Is it my fancy, Ben, or is she looking pale and shadowy? It struck me that she was when I first saw her; and though the impression has partly worn off, I cannot get rid of a feeling that she is not quite well—not just her old self."

"She never complains," he answered. "I see her every day, and that may be the reason I have noticed no change."

Then Lenox spoke of Dorrice Cropsey.

"What an arch, winsome creature she is—pretty enough, too, to sit for an artist when he would paint

"Flora
Peering in April's front."

"Dorrice is a perpetual sunbeam in the house," he answered. "She has been a great comfort to mother ever since she came here."

But though he made these replies promptly and steadily enough, his heart was not in them.

At last Lenox came back to himself again.

"After 'all, Ben, I believe that nobody has changed quite so much as you have."

"I! What do you mean, Lenox?"

"That every change is for the better, Ben."

She smiled up at him in the moonlight—a smile that finished her speech with a flattery delicate beyond any words.

"Ah, Lenox," he replied, "I might well say that of you. I might tell you how you are changed in all wonderful and beautiful ways; but I have no speech gracious enough to express my thoughts. Other men must have told you all that I would in words that would make mine seem poor and bungling."

"No, Ben, that is not true. Your praise must always seem something dearer and better than other men's."

She spoke now with the low, serious tone he knew so well—the tone when she was very much in earnest.

Ben's heart leaped again. "Do you mean all that, Lenox?" and he stopped her where the moonlight could shine full upon her face.

"I mean all that. How could it be otherwise, Ben, my brother?"

What a tender name it was—what a soft voice that spoke it; and yet that last word shot a terri-

ble bolt through Ben Mavis's heart. He knew then how his hope had lived on silent and secret through all these years. He knew, too, those last words of hers had been its death-blow!

There was a sob in the brave fellow's throat. And the woman who walked by his side in the moonlight never dreamed of what she had done.

In a little while he heard her speaking again.

"I want to ask you a question, Ben. May I?"

"Ask anything you like, Lenox?"

"Has any woman since I have gone away—"

"I know what you mean, Lenox," he interrupted, sharply. "It is the only absurd question you ever asked me. There is no other woman."

"I am glad to hear you say that; though, no doubt, the feeling is wickedly selfish on my part. But it is good to come back and find that nobody else is in my place."

"You will always come back and find that, Lenox," he said, in a tone of mocking gayety, because he feared that any other would fail and betray him. "I am as deeply vowed to old bachelorhood as ever a monk was to his beads and his cell."

She laughed lightly at that, but she answered half-seriously: "You will not always tell me that, Ben. Perdita may hide long in the woods, but you will come across her some day, and you will know your princess when you see her."

"That is too pretty a fancy, Lenox, to go so wide of the mark, as it does this time. I begin to suspect—"

She stopped him there. "I know what you are going to say. There is not truth enough in it even to point your jest, Ben."

"But there may be sometime. If you will talk to me of Perdita, Lenox, why should I not to you of Florizels?"

"Why, indeed! But I will be quite frank with you. I have had in these last years a good many beautiful, inspiring friendships with men. But when I have said that, I have told you all."

Before he could answer, Dorrice came out of the house toward them, and the bloom on her cheeks was like that in the heart of a blush-rose.

CHAPTER V.

THE Mavis household kept a long holiday that summer. Lenox took up the old girlish life as naturally and heartily as though the years and the world had not come between and wrought their changes in her. She visited all her old haunts in company with her uncle, or young Mavis, or Dorrice. She was off every morning with Dainty among the hill roads. They all went on frequent drives, too, for even Mrs. Mavis was persuaded into joining the others, and the party would return merry and hungry in the twilight to their late suppers.

Mr. Apthorp vastly enjoyed the settling down for the summer in the softly-lined home-nest from which he had taken his niece. He had a natural pride in showing her friends how the result justified his wisdom, though the separation had seemed so cruel at the time he proposed it.

Ben Mavis had his pride, too—of a different sort. It had been powerful enough long ago to resist all the strength of his young passion. It had made him scorn to take advantage of Lenox's youth and ignorance of the world, when, had he pressed his suit, the chances were all in his favor.

That time was passed now. Lenox was no longer an inexperienced girl. She had seen the world; she was acquainted with men; she could weigh him in the balance with others.

But it was the old pride at bottom which still held young Mavis silent. He knew that the name Lenox had given him expressed the real nature of her feeling for him from the beginning. It must be the same to the end of their lives. No tie of marriage could change the eternal nature of things. He knew perfectly that he would have an advantage over every other suitor in the tender associations of their youth—in the passionate gratitude with which she regarded him. But he saw clearly that if Lenox Dare consented to be his wife it must be with doubtful, half-reluctant heart. His own manliness, his feeling of what was due to himself, recoiled from a union such as theirs must be. He had a conviction, too, which grew stronger in their daily intercourse, that Lenox Dare, if ever she married, should choose a man of different temperament from his own. This was not her fault—not his. It was simply the result of their original constitutions. But Ben Mavis knew there was a side of Lenox's nature with which he could have only a partial sympathy. He could not bring to some of her moods the stimulus and companionship so precious to such a woman. A certain intellectual separation must always exist between them. A smaller or less generous nature would not so frankly have admitted the truth to itself. Ben Mavis did it without the slightest feeling of humiliation. Was he to accuse his fate because he was not artist, poet, genius of any sort? His business was to do his own work in the world—make the best of the birthright-power with which God had charged him. But he knew that a secret sense of his failure toward Lenox Dare would poison his bliss if she were his wife. The skeleton would always be in his closet—the fear lest some other man could have been to her something more and better than it was in his power to be. The blood flushed his cheeks at the thought of all the miserable doubts and jealousies which might follow in the train of that haunting dread. How clearly he saw—how sternly he reasoned! And all the while the fire of his young manhood's passion burned in his heart and veins. But he

saw that it was best for Lenox, best for himself even, that he should be—what she had called him—the name that had hurt him more than any blow. Thank God, he could fight his battle alone—not even his mother knew. But he had too often to say to himself:

“This love
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great.”

It was an unutterable joy—at times an infinite pain—to have Lenox about the house—so close, and yet so far apart in his life; but Ben Mavis trod his hard road that summer without flinching.

One day Uncle Tom went over to Cherry Hollows. He set out without confiding his intention to a soul. He had a curiosity to see the home where his niece had passed her childhood—the greater, perhaps, because he never ceased to hold himself responsible for its loneliness and hardships.

The yellow house by the turnpike had disappeared. Mr. Apthorp learned from the neighbors that it had been burned to the ground one night nearly eight years before. The Cranes had barely time to make their escape. Abijah had died suddenly a few months later. His wife had returned to her old home.

That night Lenox's uncle told her where he had been—what he had learned.

“I should have asked you to accompany me,” he said, “only I feared a little the effect which those old scenes might have on you.”

She hesitated a moment before she answered, with a little tremble in her voice: “I think I could have looked on them, Uncle Tom, and faced all they must have revived, so you were by my side.”

But he thought he had done wisely to go alone.

The next day, which was the last of the summer, Lenox happened to be in Dorrice's room. The former had been a good deal moved by what her uncle had told her the night before. Visions of Cherry Hollows had haunted her dreams that night. Old memories clung around the morning. Her heart was unusually tender toward all lonely, orphaned young creatures such as she herself had been.

Dorrice sparkled and fluttered about her visitor. The girl's archness and quaintness—all her pretty grace of speech and manner came to the surface in Lenox's presence.

The latter was unusually silent that morning. She gazed with pleased, tender eyes, at the auburn tinted hair, at the young face with its blooming color and soft curves. The two had grown very familiar, very fond of each other. Indeed Dorrice had owned to Lenox that she fell in love with her that night she came home and stood under the hall lamp.

The girl suddenly came to her visitor's side, dropped on a stool at her feet, crossed a pair of round, white arms on her lap, and said rather gravely: "You are thinking about me, Lenox. I see that in your eyes. Tell me about it."

Lenox leaned forward and stroked the uplifted face.

"I am thinking, my dear," she said, "that my heart is glad to see you so happy this morning—so sheltered from every harsh wind of life. O Dorrice, I know how the world looks when one is out in it lost and alone! I know how long the way seems, how the cruel stones hurt the tired feet—how—"

Dorrice's look of amazed bewilderment recalled Lenox to herself. The girl had been told next to nothing of those painful facts which antedated Lenox's coming to Briarswild.

"Never think again of what I said just now," resumed Lenox, after a little pause. "I want to talk of yourself, dear—to tell you how you remind me of birds and butterflies, of sunbeams, and all beautiful, happy unconscious things."

At that speech a sudden change came over Dorrice; her cheeks flushed; the lips of the reddest rose-bloom trembled. Then she burst into a passion of weeping.

"What is the matter, Dorrice?" cried Lenox, in amazement.

"That is precisely what you all think of me," sobbed Dorrice. "I am no better in the eyes of any of you than a year-old baby who must be indulged and petted to any degree, but who is not capable of a thought, a care, a sorrow of its own. I tell you it isn't true," she continued, with passionate resentment. "I am not a bird, a butterfly or any other of those happy, senseless things to which you choose to compare me. I am a woman and have my own burdens to carry—my own sorrows to—" something checked the indignant utterance at this point; she laid her head in Lenox's lap and sobbed again.

Lenox bent over her in dismay. She stroked the auburn head. Some hidden grief lurked after all in the flower of this young life!

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world, Dorrice," she said.

"There is no need you should tell me that, Lenox," the girl lifted her flushed, tear-stained face. "Do forgive my folly, but you surprised me into it. You only said what you—what all the others believe!" and again the indignant bitterness crept into her voice.

"Dorrice," said Lenox, softly, "is this trouble anything that I can help?"

A wild look came into Dorrice's eyes. A flood of scarlet stained her cheeks.

"There is nothing anybody can help," she burst out. Then she sprang to her feet, glancing around her in a frightened way. An open book lay on

the table close at hand. When Dorrice caught sight of that she started and stared at Lenox a moment like a creature driven to bay. She made a movement to close the volume, then she drew back as though she feared to attract her companion's notice. Some secret emotion had quite bewildered the girl.

She made an effort to recover herself.

"Do forget my foolishness!" she cried, with a little hysterical laugh. "If you will excuse my rudeness I will run away for five minutes and be back again—myself!"

Lenox sat still, after the girl had gone, greatly troubled over what had passed. Suddenly, and not in the least thinking of what she was doing, she bent over the open page on the table. The next moment she was reading Tennyson's "Dora." Her eyes glanced along these words:

"But the youth, because

He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora."

Lenox had seen the look with which the girl turned from the open page to her face. That look held Dorrice Cropsey's secret! With a flash of woman's intuition Lenox's thought leaped to the truth. Dorrice's secret was her love for Ben Mavis!

While the two young women were having this talk Mr. Aphthorp and Ben were having another as they returned from a sharp canter over the hills. Indeed the elder man got into the habit of telling his thoughts to the younger this summer. The more he saw of his host, the more he found to admire and trust in the brave, true-hearted, manly young fellow. But Lenox's uncle, with all his worldly wisdom, never dreamed that his coming to Briarswild had destroyed the dearest hope of that brave young life.

Ben's impression on meeting Mr. Aphthorp the night of his return very much resembled Lenox's feelings when she saw Mrs. Mavis. It was not merely that the man had grown older, but it struck young Mavis that there was an air of failing strength about him. As in Lenox's case the first impression had largely worn off. It recurred to him, however, during the talk that morning in which Lenox's uncle rather surprised young Mavis with his confidence. The stately and reticent man laid open his plans for the future to his companion. He deplored the necessity which would compel their return to Europe in the autumn. He had, it appeared, entered into some business relations in England where his presence could not be dispensed with. He expressed a resolve to wind up his affairs there as soon as possible, and return to his native land for the rest of his days. He had a fancy to settle down in some quiet spot near his birthplace where he could listen to the sound of the seas which had sung him to sleep in his boyhood.

After this the speaker alluded to a nearer plan on which he had set his heart. He wanted his niece should see something more of her own country, have a glimpse of its famous summer-resorts before they sailed. The trip, which he did not intend should occupy more than two or three weeks would take in Niagara and Newport, Saratoga and the White Mountains. Their pleasure would be greatly enhanced if young Mavis, his mother and Dorrice would accompany them. This proposal took Ben completely by surprise, but Mr. Aphorpe pleaded his point with his usual skill and parried every objection which the other raised.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was almost three months later that Ben Mavis and Lenox Dare once more came out on the piazza for a walk. It was to be their last for a long time. The next day Lenox was to leave Briars-wild. It was a sad November night whose chilling winds moaned through leafless branches. They had had a wonderful Indian summer that year; but it had closed now in gloomy skies and in an earth that waited naked and shriveled for the winding snows.

It seemed now to each but a day since they had their first walk here in the June night with the stars overhead and the summer greenness all around them. And now Lenox was going away, for only a year or two at farthest, her uncle said. But Ben remembered he had said a good deal the same thing when she went away before.

He listened to her talk now—to her regret at going away; her longing to see the snows once more cover the hills that watched around Briars-wild. She went back tenderly over all the memories of the summer—of the autumn, for Uncle Tom had carried his point. They had all gone on the trip of nearly a month among the mountains and by the sea-shore. Even Ben Mavis—despite certain drawbacks—had enjoyed it all.

Suddenly Lenox stopped talking, her thoughts went to Dorrice. The girl never had a suspicion that Lenox had surprised her secret that day they had their talk in her chamber. A thousand circumstances, trifles light as air, had, since that morning, strengthened her conviction. After all, she reasoned, there was nothing surprising in the fact. It was, indeed, the most likely thing in the world to happen. Who could know the brave, manly, handsome, young fellow and not love him? But it never struck her as singular that she never had—in Dorrice's way, at least.

Lenox Dare was at heart, a romantic woman. The secret she had surprised had a great interest for her. It gave Dorrice a new sacredness in her eyes. She felt a yearning pity for the girl now she knew what lay at the heart of that young life. The more she reflected on it, the more she became

satisfied that this rosy-tinted, loyal-hearted, lovely-natured woman was the one wife in the world for Ben Mavis. Where could he find such another? she asked herself. She was half-provoked at Ben's dullness in not blessing the kindly fates which had brought such a woman to his side. She was actually jealous for Dorrice. She saw, too, that the girl had judged rightly. Ben had not the slightest notion of falling in love with her. He was really fond of her. But it was much in the same way he would have been of his sister, Janet. He was never tired of Dorrice's playful brightness, of her quaint, arch talk; he enjoyed the sight of that rosy, sparkling girlhood about the house, But it all ended there.

Dorrice's heart had given her true insight, Lenox thought. The poet's line expressed the fact perfectly. Ben saw the girl only in the common, every-day lights of household life. Dorrice was simply a pleasant feature in this.

"They are too close together," Lenox often said, musing about the pair, not dreaming how Ben Mavis had said the same of themselves.

Meanwhile, Lenox did her best for Dorrice. With a woman's tact, she brought out all her brightness, her endless, pretty ways of look, and speech, and manner. She always managed to have Dorrice in the foreground when Ben was by. She repeated the girl's speeches to him, praised her beauty, her sweetness, her artless nature. Ben listened and assented to all this, with a frank heartiness that half-angered Lenox.

As they walked around the piazzas in the silence and darkness, she was debating with herself whether she could, by any means, serve Dorrice? Would it be wisest, best to speak? She shrank from approaching so sacred a subject, and yet—and yet—she was going away—there was nothing more she could do for her; and Dorrice's face would come up again with the look in it she had seen that day when she turned toward her from the open book.

At last she glanced up; she saw Ben's eyes shining on her through the darkness.

"What have you been thinking of all this time, Lenox?" he asked.

"Have I been silent so long! I was thinking of you, Ben."

"Of me, Lenox?"

"Yes; of something you said to me that night when we took our first walk here after my return. I did not half like a speech you made then; I like it still less now."

"I cannot imagine what you mean, Lenox."

"You said you were resolved never to marry."

"Did that remark displease you?"

"Just that. Of course if you had been no more than twenty, or if you were in the habit of saying things you did not mean I should have thought nothing of such a speech. But I saw you were serious, and I cannot let you drift into old bachelor-

hood without making an effort to rescue you from so forlorn a fate, Ben," speaking rapidly and eagerly now, like one who fears the ground she treads on; "I wish you would let me choose a wife for you!"

"You choose a wife for me!" he repeated, like one in a dream. "You, Lenox!"

"I, Ben. Do you think anybody else could do it more wisely, with a tenderer thought for your happiness?"

She spoke with a little hurt tone now.

"Who would the woman be, Lenox?"

She laid her hand on his; they paused in their walk; he bent his head to hear. Her courage almost failed her, she spoke the name in a little, fluttering whisper: "Dorrice Cropsey!"

They began to walk again. He did not speak.

After she had waited awhile she spoke again, saying all manner of tender and beautiful things of Dorrice Cropsey. It is doubtful how much young Mavis heard, but he was listening to the soft, vibrant voice and thinking how soon it would be silent for him.

There was a terrible pang, a joy, too, that was like a pain in that thought. It had sometimes seemed to Ben that if Lenox did not soon go away he must leave Briarswild. There are burdens which the strongest man cannot always bear.

When she paused at last, he spoke: "Dorrice Cropsey is all you say, yet I do not think you would have me take a wife to please you, Lenox?"

"No, Ben. I could not ask that, but I hoped—" Lenox paused there with a sudden dread lest she should betray Dorrice's secret.

The rain had now begun to fall. A wet gust suddenly drove under the piazza. Lenox shivered a little. Then voices inside called to them. A great fire of maple and hickory was in full blaze up the black, cavern-throated old chimney. They were determined to keep Lenox's last night at Briarswild with warmth and cheer.

"What a selfish rascal I must be to keep you out here this last evening!" said Ben, and his tone implied there was no more to be said.

"Poor little Dorrice!" thought Lenox, as they entered the house. "I meant it all for the best—but I am not sure—my speaking may have done you more harm than good!"

(To be continued.)

It is certain that time and circumstances have much to do with the relative success of two men, or of the same man at different periods. But it is equally certain that the plain duty of every person, great or small, in storm or calm, is to do the very best he can. More than this is impossible; less than this is a sin. If he is playing the part of a manly man, his reputation will take care of itself; if he is not, no lamentations over the world's coldness will help him.

VOL. XLVIII.—8.

A COUPLE OF FABLES.

THE Philadelphia Press is publishing a series of fables, intended to show the heartlessness which underlies many of our fashionable customs. They are admirable in their way. Here are two of them:

THE BOUQUET AND GLOVES.

"Doesn't she look lovely to-night?" said the Bouquet, softly. "After all, there is nothing as nice as white. You seem very fine, too—twelve buttons, haven't you?"

"Yes," answered the Gloves; "how she will ever have the patience to button them I don't know; and I suppose you won't improve us much. Why girls will carry flowers with nice, fresh gloves, I can't see."

"I do not think we will hurt you," said the Bouquet. "Tea-buds are very clean, you know. He ordered all tea-buds and lilies of the valley—nothing else."

"He! Who?" asked the Gloves.

"Colonel Howland," said the Bouquet. "He seems quite devoted."

"Oh, flowers mean very little!" said the Gloves.

"Why?" said the Bouquet. "Your young lady thinks they mean something. Did you see her face when they were given to her in her dressing-room?"

"Oh, well," said the Gloves, "she may be an exception; but things have changed. We have got to twenty buttons, you to tin-foil and florists. There is no sentiment in life any more. An old pair of mitts told me that when their lady was young her admirers gathered the flowers themselves and presented them to her. Now it is all different."

"Flowers ought to mean something," said the Bouquet.

"Oh, yes, they ought, but the world seems to have got so moneyed and reasonable," said the Gloves, "a man makes flowers serve him in such odd ways now. His purse must be big; it doesn't matter about his heart—that has nothing to do with the matter. If they want to win a fashionable woman's favor, they send flowers all the time. Then she invites them to dinners and germanes. She can't omit a man from the list when his baskets and bouquets of flowers stare her in the face everywhere. And if a man neglects an ugly girl at a ball, flowers sent to her the next morning are considered all-sufficient. And the women are just as bad; I have known them to send bouquets to themselves rather than to go to an 'assembly' without them. Yes, and they even hint to their men friends about flowers. I heard one say: 'My dress is to be delicate pink, you know; rose-buds just the shade would be lovely; I should adore any one who sent them to me!'"

"But, surely, flowers mean real things at times," said the Bouquet. "There will be love-making as long as the world lasts, and then flowers—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the Gloves, "flowers, music and bon-bons—anything that is easily used up, is permitted. I suppose one reason of it is that they don't know how long the love-making will last, and so they would rather not have strong reminders. Nothing seems to go down deep any more. People have got to such a low level."

"Oh!" said the Bouquet, "don't say that. I hear a great deal of talk about the world changing, but I believe people keep pretty much the same; they may not show their feelings in the same way, but they have hearts."

"Hearts are pretty hard to find under all this flummery," said the Gloves. "Think what a real Swiss lover does—he climbs to the most dangerous spots on his mountains to gather the 'edelweis' for his fair maiden—risks his life to get one little flower. Now Colonel Howland walks into Pembert's and orders an elegant bouquet, perhaps of certain flowers, and never even sees it; there is a difference!"

"But times have changed," insisted the Bouquet. "Colonel Howland couldn't have a flower stuck on Trinity Church steeple and then climb up to get it; that would be ridiculous; and he could not say to the florist, 'I love Miss C. madly; make me a bouquet expressing my devotion.' I know money gets things now, not strong legs, but the heart is much the same."

"I doubt it," said the Gloves. "You are romantic, and so you are trying to put something into people's ways that is not there. That is the case with dreamers always. What I mean to say is, that flowers are not given just to people that one likes now, but to any one. They ought to mean real things, or else not to be given at all."

"Of course, you are right now," said the Bouquet, "because you keep to general principles. But we need not be blind when people *do* feel, and you need not say people have no hearts. Now I will tell you something. Colonel Howland saw every flower that was put into the bouquet, and when it was to his fancy he wrote upon the card, sealed it up, and this is what he said: 'I rarely send flowers, because they seem to be a common greeting now; but believe me when I earnestly claim these to be the real expression of the sentiment which a world-worn man must feel when he meets a modest, pure woman.' Now, then!"

"Why didn't you say that before?" said the Gloves. "It would have saved a great many words. No wonder she liked the bouquet. Modest is a very old-fashioned and rare word. After all, there may be a few hearts left. Well, well!"

MOURNING STATIONERY.

"Dear me," said the Paper, "I feel awfully queer—so stiff round the edges. What is this black band for?"

"Hush!" said the Envelope; "don't you know? Her husband is dead."

"Well?" said the Paper.

"Well," said the Envelope, "how stupid you are. The black is mourning for him, that's all."

"Good gracious!" said the Paper; "does she do it like this? Do you suppose it comforts her to see a black edge on her stationery? How very funny!"

"It's the proper thing to do, at any rate," said the Envelope, sharply. "You haven't seen the world, evidently."

"But it is not my idea of *grief*," persisted the Paper. "If I were sad I would go away from everybody and keep quiet."

"You are very simple-minded," said the Envelope. "Who would see you if you mourned like that? I knew a widow once who was very angry because she found a card with a wider black edge than her own. She said she had told Tiffany to send the widest that was made, and here was one wider. She almost cried, and measured the edges to make sure. That was grief, now."

"Was it, indeed?" said the Paper. "Well, times have changed, I suppose. Once when a woman lost her husband her eyes were so full of tears that she could not see how to measure black edges. This is the age of reason, I am told. All feeling is treated as weakness and soothed away by ignatias."

"Oh, people feel, I suppose," said the Envelope, a little ashamed; "but, really, there are so many things expected of one now when one's friends pass away, that there isn't as much time for grief. Just look at our poor lady to-day. At nine the undertaker came upon a matter most painful. It was—well, the mountings on the casket. She was going to have hysterics, but couldn't, because he was waiting for her decision. Then the florist came to know about the decorations for the house. Then Madam Lameau with boxes upon boxes of dresses, wraps, bonnets, etc., and although our lady did sigh when she saw the deep black—tears spoil *crêpe*, you know, and madam quickly diverted her mind by showing Lizette how to drape the long veil becomingly. Then came the jeweler with the latest design in jet, and her diamonds have to be reset now, you know, in black claws. After this the mourning stationery was sent with the crest in black, and all sorts of cards and letters had to be written. Then the servants' new mourning liveries and carriage-hangings were selected. When dinner was served, our lady was so exhausted by all this that she felt faint, and ate a really good dinner to sustain life. Now I should

like to know what time she has had for grief, poor thing!"

"Don't say no time for grief!" said the Paper, rustling with indignation; "say no *soul* for it, and you will be nearer the truth. When a woman can choose bonnets and jewelry, her husband lying dead in the house, there is not much sadness in her heart. I see that she needs the black-edged paper to express herself. She might as well give up all this miserable farce and enjoy herself at once. Let her give a ball instead of a funeral, and show her diamonds in their new claws."

"Oh, dear me, do hush!" said the Envelope. "A ball in *crêpe* and jet jewelry; you are not even decent; you don't seem to understand things at all."

I don't, that's true," said the Paper, "and I hope I never *will*; when women have got to mourning by sending out black edges and wearing the latest thing in jet, I give them up. I never *shall* understand."

"Emotional people always make difficulties for themselves," said the Envelope, coldly. "I accept things as they are, and adapt myself—Hush! she is coming, and crying, too, I declare, after all."

"Well, really, Lizette," said a voice broken with sobs, "you are very thoughtless. How should I remember, in my distracted state, to say twelve-buttoned gloves? and here they are only six-buttoned; it is too bad. But every one takes advantage of me now. I am alone—forlorn—desolate," and the sobs redoubled.

"Poor thing," said the Envelope.

"What *hopeless grief*!" said the Paper. "I *pity* her."

THERE is no reason why a man should be less dexterous with his fingers than a woman; therefore the little men of the household may be introduced to the work-basket, and taught to mend and sew on buttons, to their advantage in after-life. An aid to self-reliance may be found in the idea of the dignity of labor. Strive to impress on children that the only disgrace attaching to honest work is the disgrace of doing it badly. "Who sweeps a room as to God's praise makes that and the action fine," says a wise singer. Thus you get the moral influence of self-reliant effort.

WIFELY TACT.—Whenever you find a man about whom you know little oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man; for the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballasts that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

TENDER AND TRUE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

CHAPTER XVII.

I CAN make only a brief record of the events which, during the next few years, influenced the lives and wrought themselves into the characters of some of the personages whom I have introduced to the reader.

No one who observed Andrew Payne closely could fail to notice the fact that, whatever the cause, he was not the same man after, as before, the great social event which has been described. He did not hold himself to so lofty and confident a bearing, and the signs of care and anxious thought were more plainly visible in his face. The house on the hill stood forth to the eyes of all Oakland in its lonely grandeur. The blaze of light which had shone from all its windows, and the music which had thrilled and crashed upon the air from scores of instruments, were never seen nor heard again while Andrew Payne was the possessor. As you looked upon it, you had the impression of a mansion deserted. If you tried to think of the coarse man and ignorant, vulgar woman who lived in this palace, with its elegant and elaborate appointments, the sense of unfitness was so great as to become almost painful. They might be there as servants or retainers; but as principals! The idea was ludicrous and almost disgusting.

For several weeks after the great house-warming party, my sister Rachel was more than usually quiet, and kept herself more than usually alone. She did not refer to anything which had occurred there, and we were careful not to introduce the subject when she was present. As time wore on, I could see that she was making a final settlement of whatever doubts and questions might be troubling her, and that she was coming into states of rest from conflict. Herbert Radcliff's visits had ceased altogether. If he had called at any time after the memorable evening at Mr. Payne's, I do not believe that Rachel would have seen him. His almost lover-like attentions to Miss Endicott, his studied avoidance of herself, and, above all, his free indulgence in wine until he became almost disgracefully under its influence, were of themselves sufficient to determine her course of action. The heart which had, until then, held itself, through sore trial, temptation and conflict, true to its earliest and only love, turned itself sadly away, hurt and half-paralyzed, but patient and submissive. It did not take a very long time for my sister to rise into that strong, womanly adjustment of herself to this relation of things, which pure and noble natures, gifted with clear intuitions, are sure to attain. With what a tender solicitude did I read her countenance from day to day, observe

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her movements, and look below the common significance of the words she spoke for hidden heart-meanings. By the power of a stronger magnetism of love and sympathy than we had ever known before, were we drawing more closely together.

Miss Endicott remained in Oakland for a few weeks on a visit to Olive, and then returned to Boston. A number of times during this period I met her riding out with Herbert. Soon after she went home, the rumor of an engagement was put in circulation; and in due time an announcement of the fact took the place of rumor. Then we heard much about the wealth, and standing, and influence of Mr. Endicott, and of the good fortune of Herbert Radcliff in securing so splendid an alliance. Opinions differed in regard to Miss Jane Endicott. With some she was a "magnificent girl," while others pronounced her "bold, showy and heartless." But most people agreed that Herbert was a lucky fellow, socially and financially speaking. He had made good the main chance; and that secured, other things would easily take care of themselves. If Miss Endicott was not all that most men would desire in a wife, she was rich, and that covered all defects with gildings, and harmonized all minor discords. Given the wealth and social standing, and it was easy to take all the rest on trust.

Between the engagement and wedding only a few months intervened. No impediment to an early consummation of the rite was offered on either side; and there was more evidence of hurry than of delay. Mr. Payne favored the alliance, it was said, and thought that the sooner it was consummated the better. The habits of the young man, so far as could be judged, were not improving, and it was a source of wonder to many why he was retained in so responsible a position as that of cashier of the Oakland Valley Bank; while others shrugged their shoulders significantly, and hinted that Andrew Payne had his own reasons for keeping Herbert where he was.

We heard about the wedding in Boston as a splendid affair, and of the bride's presents as magnificent. Indeed, the event was of sufficient importance to get into the newspapers; but it was not difficult to infer, from the style of the florid description that first appeared in a single daily, and from the high character and financial importance given to certain men who were present, such as Payne, Catherwood, and half a dozen others, intimately associated with them, under what influence the reporter had written. Capital had to be made out of the affair, and the best that could be done was done. And here the show and *éclat* ended. There was no entry of the young couple into Oakland with sound of trumpet and beat of drum. No series of grand entertainments or showy welcomes were offered. The great house on the hill was not thrown open for a bridal reception. The young

couple were permitted to take quiet possession of temporary rooms at the new hotel until their house, not particularly imposing as to size or appearance, could be furnished and made ready. The furnishing was done by the bride's father.

The intimacy between our family and the Radcliffs had been for some time gradually falling off, and now it ceased altogether. Mr. Radcliff had become interested in some business speculations with Payne and others, and was carrying himself as one who felt that he was rising to the top wave of fortune. My father still kept himself free from all participation in the money-making schemes which were turning the heads of half the well-to-people in Oakland. Our quarry was yielding a good annual return, and our dairy farm, which had doubled in value, was adding something to our income every year over and above the cost of the improvements which we were constantly making. We were out of the rush and excitement of busy, progressive Oakland, and becoming more and more separated every year from its social as well as its business life. My father was so much absorbed in literary work, that he knew and cared scarcely anything for what was going on close around him. He was writing for two or three of the leading agricultural journals, and was engaged in several discussions, in which he was maintaining his own views with learning and ability. His correspondence had grown large and important.

As for our mother, she was still the care-taker and wise administrator of affairs. We stood close about her, and acted in harmony with her, doing all that we could to make her cares and burdens lighter. Few households were more united, more prosperous in the true meaning of the word, or more contented, than ours.

The first break in our home circle took place a few years later, in the marriage of my sister Fanny. This was soon followed by the marriage of Edith, my oldest sister. There was little, if anything, connected with these events of interest to my readers, and I will not therefore intrude the particulars. The course of true love in the case of my two elder sisters did run smooth, the poet to the contrary notwithstanding. Two quiet weddings were celebrated, and two new homes established, one in Boston and the other in Oakland, and the stream of our lives at Olney flowed on again, the channel narrower, the movement quieter, and the play of light that touched its surface softer and more subdued. I will only say of my sisters' husbands, that, while not being men of mark in the community for either talent or great force of character, they were true and honorable—men of high moral worth and kind and generous feelings. Both were engaged in business, and moderately well-to-do in the world.

I rarely saw Olive now; for all intercourse had ceased, as I have said between the two families—

that of the Radcliffe and our own; and we were not intimate in any of the social circles of which the Paynes made a part. It must have been a year from the time I saw her on the occasion which I have described, before I met her again. I was in Oakland, and had occasion to visit the bank for the purpose of getting a draft cashed. As I waited at the counter, a lady passed me so closely that her clothes brushed mine, and entered the cashier's room, the door of which was only a few feet distant from where I was standing. Turning, I saw Olive, and heard her ask for her brother. She did not close the door behind her, but remained with her hand upon it. I knew the voice that answered. It was that of Andrew Payne.

"Herbert is not here this morning. He has gone over to the mills on business."

It was not said in any kindness of tone, but roughly and as though he were annoyed by the call.

"How soon will he be back?" she asked. Her voice was both sharp and querulous.

"Can't tell. Maybe not for an hour or two."

"Will you tell him that I was here?"

"Yes." The voice cold and hard.

And now, as Olive turned and came out of the little room, I saw her face. How shall I describe it? Olive's face! It seemed impossible. The old, sweet mouth was gone, and in its stead I saw close shut lips, hard and unlovely in every outline. The beautiful hazel eyes, once so clear and brilliant, had a fire of passion in them that blazed out fiercely. Anger burned over her face; and beneath and over all I read at a single glance, suffering, disappointment and defiance. She passed so closely again as to brush my garments, but without looking at or recognizing me. What it all meant I did not know, and never knew. But I was deeply disturbed, and hurt, and troubled.

Some months later I met her on the street in Oakland, and as we came face to face, I noticed a sudden rising of color and a flash of feeling in her eyes. There was a quicker beating of my own heart. A moment's pause, a word of friendly greeting, and each passed on. Hurt, troubled and disturbed again! In what better words can I express the state of mind into which the brief encounter threw me. Not from any revival of old feelings, but from what I read in the story of her face. Life was no sail across a summer sea for her, but a fierce struggle with wind and wave. And such was the hold upon me which old relations had given, that I could not know of her suffering, or loss of anything which made life sweet and precious, and character pure and noble, without a pang that went very deep.

A few times I saw her in company with her husband. Once at an evening entertainment; once upon the street; and two or three times driv-

ing out. At the evening party I had good opportunity for observing both herself and her husband. She was very handsomely and rather showily dressed, and made a larger display of diamonds than was in good taste. He bore himself with a self-conscious and superior air, which naturally provoked a question as to the claim on which he set himself above others. His mouth, which even in boyhood was coarse and sensual, had grown almost repulsive. Free living—eating and drinking to excess—had puffed his face, thickened his lips, and darkened and congested his skin. You saw that his lower nature had been steadily gaining the mastery over what was higher and nobler. And this was the husband of Olive! The thought sent my blood almost to fever heat with a sudden indignation. Olive! I saw her, with her old sweet, sensitive face; her girl-face that had been to me all along the years of my happy boyhood as the type and embodiment of everything pure and lovely, bound to this gross and sensual clod as an angel might be bound to a satyr. I was not looking at Olive when this image of her old self stood in an almost palpable entity before me, painfully in contrast with the man whose every look and movement affected me with a disgust that was mingled with anger. Slowly turning, I let my eyes rest upon the real face. As if I had looked upon a swiftly dissolving view I saw its instant transformation; every line and expression changing, but not wholly lost, until the real beauty—the surpassing loveliness—the tender grace and sweetness were so nearly obliterated, that another seemed standing before me in the place of Olive. I shut my eyes from both of them, all my enjoyment for the evening gone.

The few times that I met him riding out together, did not make my thought of them any the pleasanter to bear. She sat, usually, drawn back in the carriage, with a dissatisfied, dreary, or utterly wretched look on her face; while he leaned forward, away from her, indifferent or scowling—always with a cigar in his mouth. And I would have been so true and tender, had she been mine! It was not possible for me to keep that thought away.

The years went on; and Andrew Payne, continued to hold his position as president of both the Oakland Mills Company and the Oakland Valley Bank. Herbert Radcliff also kept his place of cashier in the bank; although there had been several unsuccessful attempts made by some of the directors to have another and more competent person elected to fill that important office. Mr. Payne's influence in his favor was stronger than any that could be brought against him. Every one knew that he was unfitted for the position in consequence of the dissolute habits into which he was falling; and those who had business with the bank, could not fail to discover that

he was of little more importance to the institution than the figure-head to a ship. He was only the puppet and echo of the president.

Herbert's marriage had not proved a happy one for either himself or his heartless young wife. There was nothing in the social life of our small country town to satisfy the wants of a fashionable girl from a great city; and she soon became weary and disgusted with everything around her, and as she had no true love for her husband, weary and disgusted with him as well. Her visits home were frequent, and at each recurrence of longer duration, until she came to spend nearly one-half of her time with her friends in Boston, where she went much into society and was among the gayest of the gay. During the time passed with her husband, she made his life wretched with her ill-temper and dissatisfaction; and he was usually as glad to get rid of her as she was to go away. Hardly any state of affairs could be worse for them both than this. It was loosening the bands of resistance to evil, and opening the door for temptation. Both were tempted and both fell. Scandal followed; and at the end of six years a decree of divorce separated them. I only state the fact, veiling all the sad and disgraceful particulars.

As, often, a flash and sullen roar in a distant and scarcely noticed cloud which has pushed itself up from the horizon into a sunny sky, are but the warnings and precursor of a storm that may break in wide-spread destruction, so this decree of divorce between the daughter of Mr. Endicott, one of the reputed rich men of Boston, and Herbert Radcliff, cashier of the Oakland Valley Bank, fell upon many who knew the parties and their standing and relation to important financial interests with an impression of concern, and set them to pausing and thinking. What about Mr. Radcliff? What of his character and habits? These questions were asked, and the truth began to come out. Why, if he is so incompetent and so dissolute as he is represented to be, is he continued in so responsible a position as cashier of a bank? This question was also answered, and more truth came to light. Men began to look more closely into the operations in which Mr. Payne was involved, some of them little better than desperate ventures, and many of them far worse. With the exception of Mr. Catherwood, Mr. Endicott and one or two others, none of the men who were interested with him a few years back had any money in the stock of the Oakland Valley Mills Company, or the Oakland Valley Bank. The shrewdest and most clear-seeing of these had quietly disposed of their scrip soon after the great house-warming, and disconnected themselves with all financial schemes in which he had any controlling influence. In doing this, prudence had been exercised, in order to prevent alarm, and the precipitation of a

crisis in the affairs of these corporations, should any crookedness be discovered in their management. It would have been far better, as the sequel proved, if the crisis had come then. The disaster would have been light in comparison with what it was, after five or six years of a reckless use of the funds of these institutions, in which the most desperate and dishonest means were resorted to for raising vast sums of money, the larger part of which was utterly lost in stock gambling, and other wild expedients for getting money at any and every body's expense.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE little cloud, not larger than a man's hand, out of which the light flash and far distant sound of thunder had come, moved steadily up the horizon, broadening, darkening and growing all the while more portentous. Men who had anything in danger of injury from this threatened storm, began to look at the sky with a vague feeling of alarm; to study the movements and directions of the clouds, and to calculate by the flash and muttering voice of the thunder how far it was away, and how soon it was likely to break, if it fell at all. Then came the swift and half-desperate rush to save what might be saved in the impending disaster; each man regardless of his neighbor's interests, so that he might escape loss and ruin himself.

The storm broke, so suddenly, and with such violence, that only a very few of those who were in the line of its course escaped utter ruin.

The gathering clouds had not been observed by me, nor had I heard the far-away mutterings of the storm. I knew nothing, in fact, of its approach until a sudden darkness fell, and the crash of its fury was in the air above and around me.

I had received a check on the Oakland Valley Bank for three hundred dollars in payment for royalty due by the men who had the contract for working our stone quarry, and driven into Oakland to make a deposit and draw out a small sum for use at home. On reaching the bank I found it shut and an excited crowd standing in front of the building. A notice was posted on the door to the effect that it had become necessary to close the institution temporarily; but that business would be resumed in a few days. Depositors were assured that everything was safe, and that they would lose nothing.

"Where is Andrew Payne?" demanded a loud, imperative and threatening voice, just as I came upon the ground. "Has any one seen him this morning?"

"He's in there," answered one.

"No, he isn't," cried back another. "He's cut and run, the scoundrel!"

"Who says that?" It was the first speaker,

who now pressed through the crowd and up to the door of the bank. He was a tall, muscular and well-knit man, with a strong, resolute face, that was pale and agitated. I recognized him as one of the foremen in the Oakland Mills. He had saved a few hundred dollars, which were deposited in the bank, where the sum was earning interest.

"I say it; and everybody ought to know it," was the answer. "He sneaked off in the midnight train. One of the men at the station told me."

A deep silence fell upon the crowd, followed by a strong outburst of indignation, mingled with threats and execrations. Every moment the crowd and excitement increased, until half the town were in the street and in the neighborhood of the bank building. Rumors of the wildest kind ran through the multitude, and passion throbbed for something on which to wreak its pent-up fury. Then came cries for Herbert Radcliff, the cashier.

"Break in the door!" "Bring him out!" "Make him tell what he knows!" shouted several voices. And there was a rush of men toward the door of the bank, against which clubs and stones were dashed.

Glancing upwards, I saw for an instant, at one of the windows, the white, scared face of Herbert. Others saw it also, for the cry arose above the wild discord: "There he is!" "Come down here, you're wanted!" "Open the door!"

At this juncture the mayor came upon the scene, and addressed the crowd from the bank steps. He was a man of considerable nerve and force of character, and, as it happened, in no way mixed up in any transactions with Andrew Payne. He was not a director in either the mill or the bank, and held so fair a character in the community as to command the respect and confidence of every one.

"My friends!" he said, in a clear, ringing voice that fell like a strong wind upon turbulent waves holding them down, "two wrongs never make a right. Passion is blind; strikes friend and foe alike, and tramples, if its fury is set free, the innocent as well as the guilty under its feet. You are men, and must govern yourselves by reason. You cannot make any better the existing state of things, do what you may; but you can make them a great deal worse than they are for others as well as for yourselves. I am credibly informed that Mr. Payne, the president, left town last night. You will search for him here, therefore, in vain. The cashier can do nothing for you. If he is in the bank, let him stay there. It will be seen to that he does not leave town, should he attempt to get away. I have called upon two or three of the directors, who inform me that a searching examination into the affairs of the institution will at once be made."

"What do they say about it?" called out a clear voice from the crowd.

"Who are the men you interviewed?" demanded another voice.

"Yes! yes! Give us their names!"

"All this helps the case nothing," returned the mayor. "There are men on the Board of Directors who will see that a true statement of affairs is given to the public. Until we get that, we are all in the dark. So you see, my friends, that we must wait patiently until an investigation is completed."

Sullen murmurs and fitful outbursts of passion followed; but the violent temper of the crowd was allayed, and men began moving away from the door of the bank, and to cluster in little knots to discuss the situation, or gather from each other any scraps of information which might be afloot.

Little or no business was done in the town during the day. The Oakland Mills were kept running, but only as an act of prudence on the part of the management, in order to keep down the excitement, which would have been largely increased if from two to three hundred operatives had been thrown idle upon the community.

I did not return home until evening, and then I had news of the gravest and most astounding character to communicate. The telegraph had been busy at work since early in the morning, sending and receiving intelligence to and from Boston and New York. From the former place our arriving two o'clock train brought half a dozen anxious-looking men, who went silently to the bank, where the directors were shut in. The whereabouts of Andrew Payne was unknown. He had not been seen either in Boston or New York. Before night there was a rumor that Mr. Catherwood had disappeared also. Then a dispatch came over the wires to the effect that a large moneyed institution, of which he was president, and in which he and two or three others held sufficient stock to give them a controlling influence, had gone down with a crash, and that there was great excitement over the event. Later, it was announced that Mr. Catherwood had been seen going on board the steamer which sailed on that day, and it was believed that he had fled to Europe.

The report made by the directors of the bank was followed by the arrest of Herbert Radcliff on a criminal charge of having conspired with Andrew Payne to defraud the public. It was discovered that an over-issue of stock, equal to the whole amount of the capital stock of the bank, had been made, and either sold on the market or deposited as collateral security for loans. Beyond this, it was found that Payne and Catherwood had used the credit of the bank in Oakland, and that of the institution in Boston which was managed by Catherwood, in the most reckless manner, in

their temporary expedients for raising money. Drafts and acceptances, bearing the signatures of the two presidents, were found to be in existence, covering the sum of over half a million of dollars.

An examination into the affairs of the Oakland Mills Company followed immediately, and revealed the fact that this concern was utterly bankrupt also. There had been no fraudulent issue of stock; and this only because the treasurer of the corporation was not the pliant tool of Mr. Payne that Herbert Radcliff had permitted himself to become. But funds had been misapplied, and the credit of the company used in outside operations to an extent undreamed of by the stockholders, whose scrip had been rendered utterly worthless. There was no alternative but to close the mills and throw nearly three hundred men and women out of employment.

In the meantime, no certain intelligence had been received from either Mr. Catherwood or his accomplice in crime, Andrew Payne, and it was generally believed that both of them had made good their escape from the country. To what extent they had supplied themselves with funds could not be ascertained.

Legal proceedings were at once commenced in order to get possession of any property belonging to Payne that could be found. The great house, the flouring mills of which Donald was part owner, and a dozen other pieces of real estate in and out of Oakland, all found to be heavily mortgaged, were taken by his creditors. Donald, though not implicated in any of his father's fraudulent operations, was so involved with him in business as to be responsible for obligations that swept away every dollar he was worth, and left him hopelessly in debt.

CHAPTER XIX.

SO the end came in disaster, as the end of all wrong, and dishonest greed of gain, and a reckless disregard of other's rights is sure to come sooner or later. The manner of this coming is not always alike; nor always with observation; but still a disastrous end to all evil-doing is as certain as death; for the seed sown in every act of deliberate wrong to the neighbor is an evil seed, and can produce only evil fruit, as every man who sows it will find when, in the later autumn, if not in the early summer of his life, he gathers and garners his harvest.

No ruin could have been more complete than that which fell upon nearly all the parties in Oakland who had been drawn into a participation with Andrew Payne in his schemes and speculations. The failure of the bank entailed serious loss upon many who were depositors, or who held its stock in the belief that it was a safe investment. A sudden collapse in business followed. Large

numbers of persons were thrown out of employment, and fear or anxiety was upon nearly every face you met, while bitter execrations against the men who had brought this great disaster upon the community were upon almost every tongue.

No over-issue of the stock of the Oakland Valley Bank could have been made if Herbert Radcliff had not affixed his signature, conjointly, with that of the president, to the fraudulent certificates. This he had done under a pressure which he was not strong enough to resist, and so became guilty of an act which the law recognized as criminal. The next term of the court was permitted to go over without bringing him to trial, as the prosecution still hoped to get knowledge of Mr. Payne, and secure his person for trial also. Three or four indictments against the latter were out, and diligent efforts were being made to find him. At the end of six months, the case of Herbert was called. The trial was a brief one. Only a technical defense was offered by his counsel. The criminal acts, which ran through several years, were clearly proven, and the jury, some of them men who had known the prisoner at the bar from childhood, and who pitied him, rendered a verdict according to the evidence. In pronouncing sentence, the judge, an old personal friend of Mr. Radcliff, father of the prisoner, leaned as far to the side of mercy as his regard for justice would permit, and gave the lightest sentence that was permissible under the law—an imprisonment at hard labor for two years.

I was in court when this sentence was pronounced, and witnessed the parting scene between him and his father and mother and Olive; but I will not attempt to describe it. A sadder sight my eyes have never looked upon. What a wreck the young man was! A few years of reckless dissipation, from which neither the influence of his mother, sister and friends, nor the remonstrances and threats of Mr. Payne, could hold him back, had wrought the saddest ruin. Ah, it was a sight to make the heart sick, the swollen face, and blood-shot eyes, and wild, half-crazed look of the wretched prisoner as the sheriff laid his hand upon him to lead him away. The deep silence of the court-room was broken only by the sobs and low moaning cries of his mother and Olive. How fervently I thanked God, in my heart, that he was not the husband of Rachel!

I was standing a little away from the sorrowful group, with my eyes upon the face of Olive, when I saw her grow deadly white, and stretch her hands forward as if to grasp a support. She would have fallen to the floor if I had not moved quickly toward her and caught her, fainting, in my arms.

It was over twenty minutes before she came back to living consciousness. During most of this time I sat supporting her head, with my eyes upon her face. Could I help studying every lineament?—or fail to have every minutest line and expres-

sion photographed in my memory? Two pages in that book held ever afterward the images of two faces—each the face of Olive; but how strangely different! One so sweet and tender—the embodiment of all that was lovely and pure; the other—oh, I will not describe the other! I would shut my eyes that I might never see it again, if that were possible. Not that it had grown repulsive, or lost every trace of girlish beauty. Even in its whiteness and pinched lines I could see the old look; and through its changed expression the face of my Olive of old—but my Olive no longer.

There were signs of returning consciousness at last—slight nervous spasms and quivering of the eyelids. Then her eyes slowly opened, resting first upon her mother in a glance of inquiry, and then turned upward to my face, which was bending over her. A look of surprise; a sudden in-drawing of the breath; a rush of life and warmth into the rigid features, which grew soft, as if the old spirit were flowing into them.

"O Davy!" With a glad tone in her voice she threw up her hands and caught hold of me. I could feel the thrill in her nerves.

One brief moment, and the illusion was gone. It was no awakening from an awful dream. The whiteness came back into her face, the rigidity and the despair! We were not the Olive and Davy of that dear time gone forever. Between us stood impassable mountains, and gulfs which no bridge might ever span.

Not once did she lift her eyes to my face again. I assisted her to rise, and then drawing her arm within mine, took her from the court-room to the carriage, into which her father and mother, who preceded us, had already entered, shut the door and turned away. Until the carriage was out of sight, I did not stir from the spot; and then I moved slowly away, with so heavy a weight on my bosom that its pressure was almost suffocating.

Again our paths in life had touched—the paths of our external lives—but how far away from each other had the course of our inner lives borne us! I knew of the distance—of the mountain and the gulf—and she knew it as well. Alas for what might have been!

Long before the arraignment and conviction of Herbert, the affairs of Donald Payne had reached a crisis. He had tried his best to save something out of the wreck of his fortunes, and in the effort to do so had involved himself in transactions that brought him before the court on a charge of defrauding his creditors, and in the issue of which he only escaped conviction under some technical rulings of the law. But in the eyes of the whole community he bore a dishonored name, and none pitied him in his downfall, which was complete. What the sheriff left, after all the executions against him had been pressed to their last extremity, was little more than the clothing of his

family and a small remnant of the costly furniture with which he had ostentatiously crowded his handsome residence.

If only property had been lost, Donald might have recovered himself, for he inherited his father's tough will and large vitality. But the sensual side of his nature had seduced and betrayed him, and now held him in bondage. He had become, like Herbert, the slave of an appetite which gains new strength with every indulgence, and will not be satisfied until it has the complete mastery. A complete loss of manhood followed the loss of property. He fell, never to rise again. Out of business, humiliated, and conscious of being disgraced in the eyes of all honest men, he soon became lost to every consideration of duty and honor, and to every feeling of pride. Step by step he went down lower, gathering nothing, and wasting what little remained, until his wife and three little ones stood face to face with want; and, to keep hunger away, Olive had to earn the bread that filled the mouths of her children. This extremity was reached in less than a year after his trial and narrow escape from conviction.

"I heard something very sad about Olive to-day," said my mother.

"What about her?" asked Rachel.

"Donald has become a perfect sot, and doesn't do a thing for his family. I'm told that poor Olive has to do all her own work, and take in sewing besides. I've been feeling very badly about it."

Do all her own work and take in sewing besides! The intelligence fell upon me with a shock of pain. "O Olive! Olive! And has it come to this?" It was the unuttered cry of my soul; the sorrowful, pitting, helpless cry; for I could not go to her rescue—could not lift her away from suffering, destitution and exhausting toil, and set her feet in pleasant places.

My mother and sisters talked on, while I sat silent. I asked no questions, for they were saying already more than I could bear to hear.

"Then I must go and see her," said Rachel. "Poor Olive!"

I thanked her in my heart, but still kept silent.

On the next morning I drove Rachel into town. We talked freely about Olive by the way. I was able to do this now, for I had been awake nearly all night, turning over and over in my mind one plan after another by which I could assist her, without my agency being too clearly seen; and my earnest thought and purpose were holding down my feelings. The question that perplexed me was, how to supply her wants; how to provide her with comforts, and not at the same time supply the needs of her idle and besotted husband, for whom my heart felt a double loathing. I could see no way of doing this. He would take a share of what she had, come from whence it might—take

it with the selfish, sensual indifference of a greedy brute! It was a hard thing for me to accept this; to know that a portion of what I was ready to supply to Olive would go, after it reached her hands, to feed, and shelter, and clothe the miserable husband who had wrecked her life, and for whom I had a feeling of detestation that was akin to hatred.

"It is worse with Olive than I had thought." So Rachel made her report to me as we rode slowly homeward. "They are living in three small rooms, and have but little furniture. Almost everything that would bring a price has been sold to get food and to supply Donald with drink. And Olive is such a wreck, though not wholly broken in spirit. She has three pretty children, the oldest the very image of herself in the old days of her happy girlhood. I found her at work on some plain sewing, by which she says she is earning from two to three dollars a week. She was shy at first, and it was some time before I could get her to talk freely. There was an effort to make the best of things—to cover up and to hide. But the means of covering and hiding were so small that she did not long continue the fruitless effort. Then there was a complete breaking down, and then a full unveiling of her heart. The story she gave me of her life with Donald since their marriage is a sadder story than I had ever thought to hear from a woman's lips. It has been a life of perpetual conflict. Love, if the feeling which drew them together could be called love, died on their wedding-day. Respect had been extinguished even before. I find her greatly changed in disposition. Not broken in spirit, as I have said, but holding herself as one at bay, and reader for a battle than for submission. She will fight her way through; or, if she fail, will die with her face to the enemy. Mother-love is strong in her heart, I am glad to say. For the sake of her children she will do and suffer almost anything. They were all clean and neat; though I can hardly say as much for herself, poor thing!"

Enough for the reader of all that Rachel told me about Olive. We took up her case as one that had been given us to care for. I saw her crushed down and panting under the weight of burdens too heavy for her failing strength, and to put forth my hand to help her was an instinct against which I set no argument. My father had, some years before, given me an interest in the firm and stone quarries, and I had already saved a considerable amount from my portion of the annual returns, which were steadily increasing, so that I was in the possession of means to do what I might think best for Olive.

Rachel acted for me in everything, and with a prudence that concealed almost entirely my agency in holding Olive above the wretched condition into which she would have fallen if left wholly to

herself. She saw her frequently; helped and advised her in many ways; drew toward her the friendly interest of others; was careful that she suffered for nothing; and yet so directed and influenced her, that to most people it seemed as if she were sustaining herself and children in comfort by her own unaided efforts. All the while, her husband sank lower and lower; becoming more and more debased and brutalized.

One day, on returning from town, where she had been to see Olive, I found Rachel greatly excited and indignant. In a drunken fit, Donald had caught up one of the children, and lifting it above his head, threatened to dash it upon the floor. In her attempt to rescue the child, Olive had been badly hurt by her husband, who had knocked her down and kicked her. Rachel found her in bed. To my inquiry, if anything had been done about it, I learned that Olive had made no complaint, and that her brute of a husband had not been called to account for this assault.

It was only an hour to sunset, but before the sun had touched the horizon's line I was in Oakland, and in the office of a magistrate, to whom I told the story of Donald's assault upon his wife as related to me by Rachel, and asked him to send an officer to Mrs. Payne and get, if possible, a corroboration from her own lips. He did as I desired, and the report made by the officer led to the issuing of a warrant for Donald, who was brought to the office in a half-drunken condition; and from thence committed to jail to await a formal hearing next morning. This was set down for ten o'clock.

For reasons which the reader well understands, I did not wish to be known as the active mover in this effort to protect Olive from the brutality of her husband; and I had only to make my father acquainted with the affair as it stood, to arouse his indignation, and induce him to take the matter fully in hand, which was promptly done. Long before the ten o'clock hearing on the next day he was in Oakland and in conference with the magistrate who had committed Donald to jail. The injuries received by Olive were more serious than had at first been thought. She was still in bed, and the doctor expressed a fear that she had received some internal hurt. During the night she had been delirious, and now had considerable fever. She could not turn herself in bed without suffering great pain.

Under this aspect of affairs, it required no great stretch of authority on the part of the magistrate to refuse bail and order Donald back to prison, there to await the result of his assault upon his wife. This much gained, my father, who was becoming thoroughly interested in the case, gave himself, with that singleness of purpose and directness of action for which he was noted, to its arrangement and ultimate disposition. It was not

his way to do noble and unselfish things in any limited or half-hearted manner. All the kindly instincts and generous impulses of his nature, as well as some of its sterner qualities, were quickened into life whenever he became the defender of right against the oppressor and wrong-doer. He hated wrong; and his heel was shod with iron when he set his foot upon it. All of his early affection for Olive, when she had been like one of his own children, came flowing back into his heart, and with it his kind feelings for his old neighbor, her father, who had been utterly ruined by his connection with Mr. Payne, and was now in a destitute condition.

It so happened, that in consequence of a failure on the part of the contractor to meet his engagements, the working of our stone quarries had been suspended, and we had not yet made a lease to new parties. Two or three proposals had been made, but they came from persons in whom we could have no confidence. The question as to whether it would be advisable, or not, to work these quarries ourselves was under discussion, but no conclusion as yet arrived at.

Day after day the case of Olive was considered, and my father at length unfolded his matured plans in regard to her, which involved a complete separation from her husband, and a final divorce, which he had no doubt could be obtained. He had talked freely with Olive, and knew her mind. She had no love for her husband, but held him in aversion; declaring, that since his last act of brutal treatment she would never live with him again; not considering either her own life or that of her children safe from the fury of a drunken madman.

"I think," said my father, after he had been in town all day, and we were holding a family council at the supper-table, "that everything is shaping itself right."

This was at the end of a week from the time Donald had been sent to jail, where he was still lying; no one feeling interest enough in him to endeavor to get him out on bail.

"I saw Mr. Radcliff to-day, and had a long conversation with him. He has nothing whatever to do; is in great extremity, and will gladly accept of anything by which he can earn a livelihood. He feels dreadfully about Olive, and is anxious to get her away from Donald. Her mother is almost broken-hearted. Now, this is the plan I have matured, and if you all see as I do, we will carry it out at once. Mr. Radcliff's old place is for sale; the house, I mean, with two or three acres of land immediately surrounding it. I propose to buy this, and let Mr. and Mrs. Radcliff and Olive go back into their old home."

"O father! It is so good of you!" There was a sob in the voice of Rachel as she said this, and the glistening of tears in her eyes.

"The house is not far from our quarries. Mr. Radcliff can be trusted to oversee the work. He is weak in many things, and not always sound of judgment in affairs, but for this position I do not think we can find a better man. Under this arrangement, we can do for Olive and her children more and better than it is possible for us to do in any other way. It will separate her entirely from Donald. The home will be that of her father, who can forbid his entrance, and who will hand him over to the law if he attempts to intrude upon her."

"Can you get the house?" asked my mother. She spoke with both approval and concern in her voice.

"Yes," replied my father. "I saw the owner to-day, and he is anxious to sell. I can close with him to-morrow if you all think it best."

And it was thought best. My father never lingered between purpose and execution after he had reached a clear decision.

How busy we all were during the next few days, putting the old new home of our long-time friends in order, getting in furniture, and making everything cheery and pleasant in and around the house. I commissioned Rachel to get the furniture for Olive's room, and gave her sufficient money to buy all that was needed. At the close of another week all was ready, and Olive, still suffering from her injuries, but out of danger and recovering, was taken back to the home and into the very chamber out of which, nearly six years before, she had gone as a bride. Ah, what of the years, what of the life, which lay between the going out and the coming back! How beautiful, as a newly-opened flower went she forth. Drooping and broken, now, alas, as that same flower seared by the frost, and torn by the cruel winds!

(To be continued.)

THE EVILS OF SMOKING IN EARLY YOUTH.—It appears that the German Government has seriously taken this matter in hand, as smoking is practiced to a great excess by the youth of that country, so that it has been considered to have damaged their constitution, and incapacitated them for the defense of their country. In certain towns in Germany the police have had orders to forbid all lads under sixteen years of age to smoke in the streets, and to punish the offense by fine and imprisonment. Moreover, a Belgian physician has found, during a journey of observation and inquiry, made at the request of the Belgian Government, that the too general and excessive use of tobacco is the main cause of color-blindness, an affection which is occasioning increasing anxiety, both in Belgium and Germany from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also upon military inefficiency.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY THOUGHT OF MY HOUSEKEEPING.

SHE didn't like it. I knew it, too, and was foolish enough to be very much put out about it. You see I had not been brought up to housekeeping, as there were five of us girls at home, plenty of help in the kitchen, and we grew and blossomed under the sunshine of a mother who was a host in herself, and who chose that we should live lives as free as the birds. Besides, she couldn't be bothered to train her wild brood into the decorous airs of housekeeping cares. She would rather have us out of the kitchen when there was anything to be done in it; and then, dear soul, she had such unbounded faith in the capacity of girls to turn out all right in the end—her girls, especially.

If we sometimes protested, and thought it desirable to take a few initiatory lessons of that mysterious divinity who presided over kitchen, bake-room and laundry, when, to be sure, was there ever a time? Certainly not when the best cake was to be made, which would be spoiled inevitably if too many fingers fussed with it. Not on Saturday, when rusk, and gingerbread, and cookies, and pies were all to be done at once. We were, too, utterly in the way in the hurry, and bustle, and confusion of a Saturday morning. Washing and ironing mornings we might have leave to set tables, wash dishes and help about the picked-up dinners; but was there ever a girl from ten to eighteen years that did not abominate dish-washing?

Sister Kate and I held long confabs, and talked wisely over this state of things as connected with our possible future, which usually resulted in a descent to the bake-room on Wednesday mornings, with an urgent appeal to be allowed to cook the roast and make the pastry for that day, at least; but the invariable answer would be: "Girls, it takes more experience and skill to make nice pie-crust than anything else. I can't have you dabbling. Your father wouldn't touch the pies when done, I fear. Besides, if you are mussing about, Bridget will be put out and leave. That would never do. You might have more than you bargain for in such a case!"

"I wish she would, or father would get too poor to keep her, or—something," muttered Kate, half-crying with vexation.

"But, mother," said I, with some heat, "I should like to know how we are ever to learn if you don't let us try."

"There, there, puss! it will all come right in due time, when you have to come to it. Do enjoy your liberty while you can, dears."

Well, people say now—even Mrs. Grundy—that I am a good housekeeper; so the ability came at last, if not in time; but I had many a sharp lesson

and good cry before I learned that which ought to have been learned in the nursery of my mother's kitchen.

When about to be married, mother schooled her patience enough to put me through a few lessons in bread and yeast-making, and was told some very useful things in regard to cooking meats, pastry, confections, etc. I was allowed a hand also in my own wedding-cake, and to assist the laundress in fluting my elaborate skirts and night-dresses. But ironing made my head and back ache, and I hoped inwardly that housekeeping wasn't like that, or that "Charley" could afford me a housemaid.

Ours was a true love-match, and no mistake. What if friends had warned me that we were to be poor, and I should have my own work to do; and if provoking Mrs. Grundy had wondered "how Mrs. B—— could let one of her girls marry a mechanic, and come down in that style!" My parents had good sense, if they did worry a little about it; my father would give me an outfit and handsome dower. We loved each other, and were content. Just then I think we never heard

"The great wind blare!"

But I know that my mother felt then, and far more afterward, a bitter regret that she had not trained me to meet this emergency with fitness and skill.

I shall never forget my first day's experience in housekeeping. We had returned from our quiet little trip to the mountains, and, after resting at the old hearthstone for a few days, entered our own little nest of a home, full of eager anticipations of "playing keep house;" for so it seemed to us. We had previously sent out the wash accumulated since wedding-day; and knowing that Charley's purse was nearing bottom, I determined on trying my skill at the ironing-board.

Well, when Charley had kindled a fire, brought wood and water, ordered the butcher, and baker, and grocery-man to the house, he left me with a kiss for his work, and my duties began. I meant to surprise him with a dozen shirts "done up" in the perfection of art—and such a dinner. "Charley likes peas and mashed potatoes with a lamb roast; and, oh, capital! I'll make a Yorkshire pudding; that's simple enough; and how pleased he'll be! But first those shirts must be starched, I suppose," said I to myself, not without a secret misgiving.

The starch didn't work well; somehow I couldn't manage it. "I guess they'll do better to lie awhile."

So saying, I seated myself to shell the basket of peas. But the morning was hot, and there seemed no bottom to the basket. They were finished, however, at last, and the roast skewered and in the oven.

"Now for those shirts. Why didn't I ever do pa's at home? My, how the starch sticks! What

can I do?" And over the very first one I blistered my hand, lost my temper, and sat down in despair.

"I'll wash that starch out and try cold," said I, with tears of vexation; and at it I went in good earnest. But it was of no use. Such a sight as those bosoms were!—fit only for the wash-tub.

"The dinner mustn't fail, anyhow," said I, preparing my pudding, and setting it under the drip of the roast. So, bathing my heated, flushed face, I consoled myself with the arrangements of my table, peeping here and there into dear little, mysterious cupboards, till I entirely forgot to baste the roast, and was only brought back to sad realities by the smell of burning vegetables and smoke issuing from the oven-door. The kettles had boiled dry, my delicate leg of mutton was burnt crisp, and as soda had been forgotten in my pudding, it merely presented a shriveled face.

This was too much, and when Charley came bounding into the dining-room he found me all in a heap on the floor, crying like a child. I think he took in the situation at a glance, but was too generous to laugh, only exclaiming: "What is the matter, Susie?"

"Matter enough, Charley. The dinner is spoilt, and so are the shirts. I can't do anything. Don't let us keep house another day. I can never, never do it," said I, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Don't let us break up till after dinner, pet."

"But I tell you I can't get any dinner; I don't know how," I replied, savagely.

"There, there, child! you are tired and worried. I will help, and we will have a nice dinner in an hour. I have cooked many a dinner for my mother."

"You, Charley!" said I, brightening under his patient good nature.

"Yes, dear. Mother liked to have us boys learn how. She used to say, 'It will come in play sometime,' and I guess she was right."

"Dear me! I wish mother would have taught me, not only to cook dinners, but how to do everything. No girl has any right to be married till she has been trained for housekeeping," said I, with a sigh, and very sententiously.

"You are not going to be sorry that you are married, Susie?"

"I don't know; perhaps," I replied, a little maliciously. "Certainly, if it is all going to be like this morning."

"It won't be, dear. I will help you, and you will learn famously, I am sure."

Charley said no more at that time, but at night, over our simple tea, gave me a few valuable hints, such as attempting only the simplest dishes at first, and not too much work at once.

I tried hard to battle with difficulties; but as the days wore on, and heavy buckwheats, muddy coffee, soggy vegetables and dried-up meats were

the general rule, Charley looked grave, and I grew careless, desperate and disheartened. An ill-visaged ogre, in the shape of a comfortless-kept house, stood at the door of our home, threatening conjugal happiness with utter wreck. It was just then that Mrs. Grundy added fuel to the flames by criticising me sharply—mercilessly. "How could Mrs. B— bring up a daughter to be such a wretched housekeeper! What a pity that 'Charley' should have been so unfortunate!"

This last fired me. It was all very well too affirm that "it is none of Mrs. Grundy's business how I keep house;" or that "she is a meddling old creature, who had better keep her prying eyes at home!" I *did* care, and felt her criticisms in every fibre of my sensitive being, and mentally resolved to get ahead of her.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," I ejaculated. "I'll coax Charley to shut up the house, and go to mother's to board, while I go and make a six weeks' visit to Aunt Jane, in the old farmhouse among the Vermont Hills. She'll be willing to have me 'in the way' long enough to learn how to keep house, I know."

It did not take long to consummate my arrangements, for I was in earnest, you may be sure, and startled my good old auntie into dropping a tin of warm bread, by bounding into her kitchen one bright October morning, exclaiming: "Auntie, I am in dreadful trouble; will you help me?"

"Help you, child? Of course I will. But what's the trouble? I thought you and Charley were just the happiest couple in the land, and keeping house to your heart's content. I was going to drop down on you this fall."

"I'm so glad you didn't, auntie; Charley never would have gotten over the mortification of having you see my wretched housekeeping. You see, mother never taught us," said I, breaking down at the recollection of all my troubles, and sinking into the nearest chair. "But everybody—that is, Mrs. Grundy, thinks I ought to know by intuition, or somehow; and the fact is, I hoped away off here, where everything is done so quietly, and there is always plenty of time, that I could learn."

"Poor child!" murmured good Aunt Jane, as she stroked my hair, and buried my burning face against her motherly breast, "poor child, you have trod a tough experience, but we'll soon institute a new order of things."

"You'd better say, 'poor Charley,'" I replied, with some bitterness; "I don't believe he will care to see me back very soon, auntie."

"Tut, tut, child! don't be naughty. Just make up your mind to be a first-class housekeeper, and retrieve your reputation. The real stuff is in you, Susie—only wants bringing to the surface. It was a sad mistake, not to have learned before, but it is never too late to mend. Charley will be per-

fectly happy, when you become able to keep his home properly. We are such creatures of sense, dear, that we cannot ignore the physical, even though heavenly charms surround us. You are tired out with this new strain, and have been unequal to the contest. Rest to-day, and to-morrow we will commence in real earnest."

And so we did. Such a training as Aunt Jane put me through! From garret to cellar, from parlor to cook-room; laundry, closet and pantry. I worked with a good-will and a purpose. Charley was to be pleased, and Mrs. Grundy confounded. I learned how to handle broom, duster and mop. To polish furniture, silver and glass. To sort linen and iron starched clothes! (The starch didn't stick, either). To prepare wholesome and nourishing food for the sick, such as broths and gruels, and concoct delicate viands and preserves. To cook birthday and Thanksgiving dinners. To make the most of odds and ends of provisions, and get a meal out of an empty larder. To put on a patch, and darn a sock; and at last, to give those minute finishing touches of light and shade, color, and bloom, and artistic arrangement, which will make the plainest home beautiful.

Aunt Jane gave me my diploma, and I went home. I was tired—worn out. But what of that? I had conquered, and how pleased Charley would be! That was my one thought. My head ached and whirled when my husband met me at the depot.

"I believe that I am sick," I said, in response to his eager greeting, and sank unconscious into his arms; remembering no more for weeks, but rallying at last, to find anxious friends at my couch, a "Bridget" in the kitchen, and to be told that I had been very ill of brain fever, and had raved constantly of work, housekeeping, Mrs. Grundy and "poor Charley."

"What a strain you have had, dear Sue," said my husband. (I think they never knew *how* great).

Well, when health and strength came back, Bridget was dismissed, and then came my triumph. Everybody stimulated, cheered and admired my success. Mother said: "I told you my Sue would come out all right!"—but I knew she had wept over my failures. But nobody's praise was one-half so sweet as Charley's happy, satisfied face. There were no more skeletons, or ogres on the threshold, or in the back-room of our house—for awhile, I should have said—for by and by, I grew so weary of it all. There was no time for books or music through the day, and at night I was too tired; and that old Mrs. Grundy began to meddle again.

"What a pity that Susie Blair should devote all her energies to mere household drudgery. Her husband will leave her far behind in culture and polish. Poor man! I pity him."

Then indeed, I was miserable. That we had a perfectly ordered house, spotless linen, silver and glass—no longer muddy coffee, but clear as amber, and steak and muffins done to a turn, was no comfort, or but poor. Just at this juncture we received a visit from Aunt Jane.

"Susie," said she, after she had been on a tour of inspection about the house, "you have a natural gift at housekeeping. How beautifully everything is done. But my dear, you look pale and careworn, and not a bit like the Susie of old. What is it, child? The work for two, should not wear you like this. Is there not such a thing as being too particular?"

"I don't know, auntie, I'm sure," I answered, with a sigh. "When I was careless, Mrs. Grundy's contempt knew no bounds; now she calls me 'over nice,' and says that I have descended into a 'mere household drudge.' What am I to do?"

"My dear Susie, there is a happy medium, which you must find, by all means. 'Let all things be done decently and in order,' is a Bible maxim, but you are in danger of becoming altogether absorbed in toil, to the neglect of your health and happiness. It is not all of life to live, child. Learn the true philosophy of life, and live above Mrs. Grundy's clatter. She will cease to choose you for a mark, when she finds her venomous tongue has no power to annoy."

Aunt Jane's visit proved a benison. Her lesson was well pondered and taken to heart. But it took some time to get out of the rut which I had so earnestly striven to reach. At last, however, I did find that I could be a good housekeeper, and have leisure for my books, piano, an occasional lecture and concert, and not be too weary to converse with my husband at night, either.

Then were we truly happy. I forgot all about Mrs. Grundy's clatter, when Charley would say: "Susie, I am sure that there is not another home in the world like ours!" And then again I am certain

"We never heard the great wind blow!"

MRS. HELEN M. S. THOMPSON.

NEVER condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defense as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

WHEREVER there is fickleness, you may say with truth to him who is characterized by it, "Thou shalt not excel." The man who is continually changing his occupation, or constantly moving from one situation to another, fails to better himself in anything, and lives only to illustrate the proverb about the "rolling stone."

AN INFORMAL PLEA.

OH, yes, we know about it. He is not often pretty, and he is not often clean. In fact, he lacks politeness, and has been known to tell a lie! No poet ever styled him personified love, and no moralist introduces him as the model boy. Yet, it is proved, the child belongs to our own lauded race; however strange, the rough little breast holds a human heart. "Street-boy!" that is his civic title; a few rags—perhaps an attic or a cellar corner—such his inheritance; the mind born within him—a quick, strong mind it frequently is—his sole resource, the only wand by which he may conjure success. Sometimes he sells; sometimes he begs; and sometimes, alas! he steals. To be seen on every street, to be heard in every public haunt, he is not one, nor five, nor ten, but rather, his "name is Legion."

We cannot ignore so prominent a character; cannot forget that these restless, importunate urchins are the men of the future. They sin, it may be "without measure;" but is there no proportionate excess of temptation? And, bethink you, happy spectator! do they now and then suffer?

Bred in privation, accustomed to neglect or violence, skeptical of sympathy, and occasionally hardened into despair, these youthful stoics seldom complain. Quietly brave, they strive in life's war; or, wedded to evil, vent their misery in bitter fruit-bearing. Yet, it is possible—without much effort—to find tired faces among them; in this curious army are pathetic signals, ensigns that read:

"I am so weary of battle,
Take this heavy shield!
I am so weary of toil,
Loosen my garments."

It is even possible to trace noble lines among the scars of "the world, the flesh and the devil;" to discover sweet graces, heroic virtues among the debris of character, virtues and graces needing simply the light of truth, the warmth of love, in order to rise and flourish!

"A garden inclosed," "a spring shut up," "a fountain sealed." It might be wise to unseal that fountain, to open that spring. It might be well, filled with the "faith which worketh by love," to pray for this "inclosed" place of treasure. "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out."

The heart that melts in the theatre is straightway hard in the street. Tragedy in Shakespeare is powerful; despised in daily life. Yet, the two are one! "My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Probably sins of omission exceed in number sins of commission; probably more are the result

of indifference or ignorance than of deliberate thought. But we have no permit to carelessness, no excuse for unconsciousness of what is before us; and "Thou shalt" is imperative as "Thou shalt not." As for ability and manner, the willing mind is afforded means; and love rarely demands prescription of method.

"There is no instinct like the heart."

"Kiz."

MABEL.

THIS a year to-day since Mabel died—
My little girl with the golden hair;
A year since I knelt by her cradle-side,
In my agony of prayer.

The sunshine fell on the fields of frost,
As it falls on the frosted fields to-day.
God only knows what the sunshine cost,
Or my lilies, that looked so gay.

And the yellow bird's song, so full of glee
As he swung in his cage by the winding stair,
Filled my heart with a deeper misery
Than the sight of the empty chair.

But the day went by as all days will,
And I learned to smile by this cradle-bed;
For something said to my heart "Be still!"
And then I was comforted.

This is the chamber, pure and sweet,
Scented with rose and geranium-flower,
Where the long rest came to the little feet,
In Death's mysterious hour.

This is the drawer with dress of blue,
Ruffles of lace, and fleeces of snow;
And here in the corner a tiny shoe,
And stockings all in a row.

That is her picture upon the wall;
And sometimes I dream in the twilight there,
And think, "Does it look like Mabel at all
Since she has grown so fair?"

Has she lost the roses so dear to me,
And the tiny scar on the dimpled chin?
Oh! I'd rather my baby's face would be
As it has always been.

I shall miss her pretty, winsome ways
When she meets me in her angel guise,
If she does not come as in other days,
With the love-light in her eyes.

Oh, foolish heart! Oh, child of mine!
O Mabel grown so wondrous fair,
No longer human, but all divine,
You wait by the "golden stair."

So I kiss the picture upon the wall,
And dream, and dream in the chamber here;
And say to my keepsakes one and all,
"She has been in Heaven a year."

MARY A. FORD.

Religious Reading.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

DEAR little Charley! His thought seems always to rise above the visible and tangible. He is my teacher, often, in that wisdom which is not of this world. He sat still in his chair this morning, after family worship. I looked at his sober countenance, and wondered what could be passing in his busy little brain.

"Mother!" He was by my side, gazing up into my face.

"Well, dear?"

"What kind of bread is daily bread?"

"Bread," I answered, "means all kinds of nourishing food that gives life to our bodies."

"Then why do we pray for it every morning? Our bread, and meat, and sugar, and coffee, are all in the house before we pray." Charley looked puzzled.

"True, dear," I said; "but in thus praying, we acknowledge our dependence on God, who is the Giver of all good. It is His rain and sunshine that make the fields fruitful."

"Don't it mean something else, mother? Isn't there some other kind of bread?"

I looked down into dear Charley's eyes. There was a holy mystery in their crystalline, yet unfathomable depths. Something else? Another kind of bread? Oh, yes, it did mean something else. There was another kind of bread. But I did not always think of this."

"We have souls as well as bodies," said I.

A flush of interest went over his face. He leaned up closer to me. I saw deeper down into the mystery of his eyes; yet were they still unfathomable.

"There is a life of the soul, or spirit, as well as a life of the body." I saw that he comprehended me. "And to feed these two lives there must be two kinds of food—natural food and spiritual food; food for the body and food for the soul."

"Is that the bread of Heaven we read about in the Bible?" asked Charley.

"Yes, dear; the food on which angels live."

"And will God give us angels' food when we ask for our daily bread?" His eyes brightened, and a sunbeam shone out from his soul through the transparent tissues of his face.

"The Lord has said: Ask, and it shall be given you," was the reply that came, spontaneously, to my lips. He sat very still and quiet for several minutes, then shut his eyes, while a look of heavenly trust and sweetness pervaded his face. His lips moved; I bent my ear to listen, and the words fell from them like incense: "Give us this day our daily bread."

I would have caught and hugged him to my heart, but dared not disturb the holy state of innocent faith in God. I did what was better; offered up the same prayer, and in the same spirit—thinking of food for the soul, instead of food for the body—angels' food.

On that morning I had risen with a heavy pressure over my left eye, and a dim sense of floating in my brain—the two well-known precursors of a sick headache, and consequent day of nervous

irritation, disability and trial. Much more did I stand in need of spiritual than of natural food—of the bread that endureth unto eternal life than of the bread that perisheth in the using. Never before, with so clear a comprehension of its higher meaning, had I asked for daily bread—for that spiritual food, by the nourishing power of which I was to have strength to do my duty.

I kissed my darling boy with a tenderer kiss than I had left there for a long time, and arose to take up my burden of care and work for the day. I needed all that higher strength for which I had prayed.

There are days in our life in which it seems that everything gets at cross purposes; and this was one of them for me. My sick headache increased with its slow but steady accumulations of pain, rendering me more fitted for bed than for the duties that were before me.

"I don't want to go to school." The words smote on my ear, and sent a throb to my sensitive brain; for I understood too well the trouble that was at hand. My little daughter Mary fell sometimes into perverse humors; and this morning the evil spirit of resistance and disobedience had found a way of entrance into her heart. Her "I don't want to go to school," meant that she didn't intend going, unless forced to do so. Nothing short of actual punishment had usually prevailed with her on these occasions. For a few moments an impulse of anger blinded me. It was on my lips to say, in a sternly commanding voice: "Well, you'll have to go, Miss!" But I checked the words. A thought of Charley, and the daily bread for which he had prayed, flashed through my mind, and I lifted my heart to God with a new repetition of my want, clothed in ideas of higher signification. I asked for spiritual strength in my time of trial—for all that I needed to give me power of right action. What a calm fell instantly on my spirit. The hard, passionate state passed, and I felt tender and loving toward my self-willed child.

Taking her by the hand, I said, in a low, quiet voice: "Mary, dear!"

She lifted her eyes to mine with a sudden glance of inquiry. The petulance and resistance were already beginning to die around her mouth. I sat down, still holding her by the hand.

"Put your fingers there, dear." And I laid them against my left temple. "Press hard, dear."

She pressed her small hand against the throbbing artery that lies there close upon the surface.

"Do you feel it beat?"

"Yes, mother."

"Every pulse, my child, that lifts itself against your finger is for me a stroke of pain."

"O mother!" Pity and sympathy were in her gentle face.

"I have a sick headache to-day."

"I'm so sorry." And she kissed me lovingly.

I returned the kiss, and then said: "Get ready for school, dear, as quietly as possible, and be a good little girl. Every noise or trouble disturbs me this morning, and makes my head ache worse."

She kissed me again, repeating, "I'm so sorry!" and then got ready for school, and went off without a murmur.

"Give us this day our daily bread" came almost tearfully from my heart, in a thankful acknowledgment for strength received, and in prayer for coming needs.

Ill-natured complaints, and irritating neglects from domestics, came next in my round of trials. Dear Charley was by my side, a sweet reminder of duty. The prayer for daily bread went up from my heart; and the answer came in strength to do and say the right. I was able to possess my soul in peace.

Something went wrong with my husband. He came home at dinner-time with a frown on his face. He scarcely looked at me when he came in, and hardly spoke to the children. I had been at some pains to prepare him a favorite dish, and knew that it was nicer than usual. But he ate of it without a remark, and pushed his plate from him after he had finished with an air of indifference that hurt and annoyed me. I was on the point of saying something that would, I doubt not, have provoked a wounding answer, when a glance at Charley's face, and a thought of my morning's experiences, kept back the words.

"He wants other food than that," I said within myself, "for his nourishment and sustenance to-

day; the daily bread of which dear Charley spoke."

How instantly did all my feelings change toward him. The selfish annoyance and hardness went out of my heart. I said: "Lord, give him the daily bread for which his soul is hungering—the strength he needs in trial."

His eyes turned, as if moved by some sudden impulse, to my face.

"You look pale," he said, kindly. "Are you not well?"

"Not very well. This is one of my sick headache days." I had to speak low to keep my voice steady. Tears were coming into my eyes, and I could not hold them back.

My husband glanced at his empty plate, and then at the dish from which he had helped himself in silence. I knew what was in his thoughts. His better man had been restored.

"You should not have done this," he said. "But you are always so thoughtful."

He arose from the table, came round to where I sat, and laying his hand over my hot temples, drew my head back against his bosom and kissed me. I shut my eyes to hold in the tears, but they ran down over my cheeks, and I felt my lips quivering. But I was happy. Oh, very happy; and in thankfulness of heart went up the prayer: "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

The Home Circle.

PIPSEY'S PLANS.

THE last time we baked bread we had to manage "pesky sharp," as our Aunt Cinda used to say. There was dough enough to make seven good-sized loaves, while the lower part of the oven in which we bake will only hold six pans. We said to the deacon, who sat on the lounge lost in the fourteenth chapter of Revelations: "Father, what would you do if you were in our place, and baking was an item in farm work?"

"Make bigger loaves," said he, peering over the tops of his spectacles, "and put all the dough into six instead of seven. That's as plain as the nose on your face."

"Yes," we said, "but don't you know that large loaves are not half so sweet, and tender, and good as small ones. Why a little lump of dough, nicely kneaded, and moulded, and baked in a pan the size of a tea saucer, would be delicious, while a large loaf of the same piece, baked in a deep, round pan, a puffy loaf, five or six inches thick, would have none of the delicate freshness of the little loaf. No, while I am about it, I want to make the very best bread. Think of some other plan," said I, impatiently.

"Make one of 'em wait till the rest were baked, then," said he, with an impatient little sniff.

"No, while the oven is just the right temperature we want to use it, and not prolong the job; and then you know, father, that a couple of the students from the academy are invited here to tea this evening, and we have a good many things to do, and want to feel well, and feel rested, when they come—poor fellows."

VOL. XLVIII.—9.

"Yes; well," said the deacon, shuffling his slippers uneasily. "I guess I'd knead the littlest fellow down and stand the pan in the cellar, and you can bake it after the rest."

"Father, do you let trifles drive you to the wall, and are you content to stand there and give up?" said we, a good deal worried over this matter. "There is a way, and we'll find it out, see 'f we don't."

Just then Rube came in with his coat-pockets full of eggs, and while he stood beside the pantry-table unlading, we explained our dilemma.

"So you want to put in seven pans of bread where there is only space for six?" said he, in a gamey way; "how will you go about it?"

"Well, when we were all little children, don't you mind, Rube, we had a lot of round irons in our playhouses that were good for nearly everything?"

"Yes," said he, "boxing out of wagon-wheels."

"Well, if we had one of them we could stand it in the centre of the oven, and put one loaf on that, and it would be lifted up out of the way of the other loaves; don't you see."

Yes, he saw, and he went out almost flying and searched for some of the boxing, but failing to find it, he returned with an old tin can, melted the bottom out of it, and we put the bread in the oven with one loaf on top of the can. That lifted it up too high; the heat of the fire at the back part of the hearth began to burn one side of it badly. A paper laid over the loaf, burned likewise. The men laughed, and said: "Let it burn, there is no other way."

We thought and thought, and the result was that we remembered the tin steamer. The tea-kettle

was boiling on the stove, and in less than one minute we had the loaf set into the steamer and it was becoming good bread just as fast as was that in the oven. This is a little thing to relate, but you women will all understand what it means, and the sense of satisfaction that comes with any victory. It will not hurt any of us to be driven to the wall in a manner which will render it necessary for us to think, and plan, and manage, and devise ways and means.

One of our neighbors called on us last week dressed in such a pretty black cashmere that we could not help commending her good taste. The dress was made all in one piece, and the trimming was put on in a way that set off her fine figure most charmingly.

We said: "What a becoming dress! You should always wear black!"

At this she laughed, and said: "Don't you recognize this old black cashmere, Pipsey?"

Recognize? why we had never seen that beautiful dress before!

We were surprised and delighted when she said to us: "This is the dress I had made to wear to the association out at Phim Hollow, over four years ago—the time the wind-storm came up when we were going down to the depot—don't you remember, and you were walking with that old 'widdy man' from Jacobsville—under his umbrella, and the wind came with such a rush that it blew your shawl up over your head, and turned his umbrella with the wrong side out, and whirled his Sunday hat down street, scattering the minutes and the resolutions like butterflies—don't you mind?"

Yes, we did remember; and we both indulged in hearty laughter over the ludicrous happenings of that day. It was very funny. We recalled, too, how very careful our neighbor was of her new dress. And so this was the very cashmere in which she "appeared" on that momentous occasion!

Now, for the sake of those women who live way out in the country, and whose stubbed, hard fingers hate to handle nice dress goods, whose busy brains don't want to puzzle over the problem of how to get a neat, modern dress out of a small pattern, or out of one or two that were made years ago, we want to tell how our neighbor managed. She makes the best of bread, both brown and white; is a model housekeeper and one of the best managers we ever knew, but her hands are clumsy when she takes up the needle, and though she has good taste and knows when colors harmonize, she cannot fashion things to look as pretty as she sees them with the mind's eye. Hands unused to millinery and dress-making will make bungling, unsatisfactory work, and it is far better to employ one who is skilled, than to undertake such jobs one's self, and then experience a sense of vexation and dissatisfaction every time the provocation is worn. This was what our neighbor thought, and her niece from the nearest city came and stayed a fortnight, and gave the required assistance.

The beautiful cashmere we have under discussion was made more than four years ago. The style then was in three pieces: a basque long in front and rather short behind, an overskirt, not near so long as they are now worn, and a sham skirt with a shirred flounce at the bottom. The basque

and overskirt were trimmed with shirring—on the latter it was about six inches in width, finely and neatly made, eight rows of stitching across with silk thread. All the shirring was saved—instead of ripping, it was cut off, and left for use in strips already on the goods securely and better done than the niece could have made it. This kind of trimming shows a neat and a practiced hand plainer than any other style of work does. To save work, the beautifully made flounce was cut off, too, and left on the two or three inches wide of lining. This was then set on at the bottom of the new black muslin skirt, and the dress was easily made over into one of the princess fashion by removing the trimming from the edge of the basque—fitting it a little neater—leaving the front of it about as it had been, and setting the back part in to simulate an overskirt. This was accomplished by pleating it on at the back part of the basque in box-pleats. This feature pleased us; it was a cunning device; saved the basque; saved so much work; made the three cumbersome garments into one, and we thought it was a real victory to the woman who studied, and planned, and wrought it out herself. The bottom of the simulated overskirt was trimmed with shirring, was gracefully draped, and then, for fear the stitches which held the draping in place would in time give way, the niece put black buttons on the inside of the lining, and sewed through and thus secured her work. This was a new idea and pleased us, and we commend it to others. It is common to see draping hanging in a slovenly manner with one side quite dragging on the ground.

The front of the princess dress was plain, and this was trimmed with the wide shirring, which had formerly been on the overskirt; set across in rows, and finished off perfectly with bows of gros grain ribbon with fringed ends. At the sides, where the simulated overskirt fastened, it was gathered on, and where bows of ribbon were required to add the finishing touch, they were put on. The pocket went in at one side, slanting backwards, under the edge of the overskirt. The same shirring that had been on the sleeves, about the wrists and down the back of the basque, remained. A bow of ribbon was put on the back at the bottom of the shirring and where the pleating commenced. The collar was one of those made separate from the dress, cut, perhaps, four inches in width, pointed behind, trimmed with wide lace, and a band of lustrous new silk a little ways from the edge. The other part of the collar was standing, about an inch wide, and meant to be filled in with fresh ruching. Collars made this way are a decided advantage, they are so easily removed when one desires a fresh ruche; and in traveling, when one is well wrapped, they can be left off and carried, and will be so new and unbroken and ready to put on.

This is all that we can remember, only that the front of the basque part was trimmed like the collar, with silk and lace. The front of the skirt was caught back just enough to make a good, smooth fit by bands of elastic inside of the muslin skirt. Buttons of some dark kind of glimmering pearl were on the basque.

This may seem a little tedious, but we were so pleased and interested with the ingenuity, that we wanted to tell others, who may profit by the hints they glean. More than one woman has thanked

ns for hints on economy, which have availed them materially; and this incident impelled us to tell all the particulars.

The cost of making the dress the first time was eight dollars—it was beautifully and elaborately made—but by saving all the shirring, the flounce on the bottom, and the basque as it was, the second cost was only one dollar.

We would never rip a bit of well-made trimming, if by any device it could be made to work into serviceable use again. It is never so pretty if the original folds or dainty gathers are changed. A practiced hand can do her work so well that no bungling fingers should be permitted to desecrate it.

We know a bright little black-eyed lady who persists in always wearing some sort of wrap or drapery about her in both winter and summer, and the reason is that she makes even her best dresses herself, and they do not fit well, and she knows it, and hides her work in this manner.

A well-dressed woman is always self-possessed. By well-dressed we do not mean a beautiful dress, nor a fashionable one; it may be a neat calico with fresh cuffs and collar only, or a gingham wrapper. It is common to hear women say, after a caller has gone: "Oh, I'm so glad I happened to have on this clean dress and collar!"

We felt so ashamed one day last winter when a gentleman from California called to see us; he was in a hurry, wanted to stop as long as he could, and yet take the first train West. We had three barrels of cider in the cellar, in different stages of fermentation, that we wanted to make into good vinegar, and that early morning we had put on a faded wrapper and a wide apron, ready for the work of changing and mixing the good vinegar and the best of the cider. We hoped no one would call that forenoon. It would have been inhospitable to have kept the judge waiting a moment, and we were obliged to present ourself. That was honest. We tried to forget that we were doing injustice to the woman whom he remembered as a blooming girl, listening to the poetry he read so well, or sitting beside him while he drove through the shadiest roads and along the wildwood brooks fringed with ferns, and gentian, and water-pinks. We did not think of our old-time friend as lacking in gallantry, or even polite courtesy, when, with an old-mannish smile and the attempt to make the graceful bow of his young manhood, he said: "I would not have recognized you, Miss Potts." It would not have been half so complimentary to our girlhood if he had recognized us, c-bweby as we were, and dusty, and drabbed with cider, and perfumed with good vinegar.

We do not think women should make the art of dress one of their chief studies, but we do think every woman should know what she can wear well, and then wear it. To think, though, all the time of what best becomes her dark, or fair, or sallow complexion; how to have her last fall's dress made over; what colors combine; and to pinch in the kitchen that she may save enough to buy coveted furs, certainly has a tendency to humiliate and belittle.

A woman's life may be so good and so beautiful, even if it be spent in the very humblest walks of life, half her time in the lowly lean-to that serves for a kitchen. She can be patient, and kind of heart, and soft of speech, and her counsel may be

true, and good, and wise, and amid all the busy cares that crowd the longest summer days to fullness, she can do her duty to those around her, and live with one hand in her Heavenly Father's clasp and under His approving smile. Her life-work will be beautiful. There is no path so lowly that it may not lie among roses; no work so humble that it may not be glorified; no destiny so hidden that its influence may not go out in blessing, working at the problem which is plain in the sight of God. Let us, weary workers, be content, for

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
Than these few words, "*I shall be satisfied.*"

PIPSEY POTTS.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPINSTER.

LEAF FIRST.

JANUARY 1st, 187—. What a charming winter's morning! How bright and inspiring! And what a lovely prospect from my window! The feathery flakes of snow that have sifted down so steadily for several days have ceased to fall, and the resplendent sunbeams glint and sparkle upon the pendant icicles that reach half way from the eaves of the veranda to the lattice-work below; upon the fantastic snow-wreaths that depend from the trees and shrubbery in the front yard, and upon the broad expanse of dazzling whiteness that covers the ice-bound lake and rivulet, the valley and hill-top. The season has a thousand forms of beauty with which to welcome in the glad New Year; and this morning, with lavish prodigality, she has thrown over the earth the loveliest of them all.

My heart is full of quiet happiness this New Year's morn. I am grateful for life and all its attendant blessings; grateful for the New Year; and for this cozy, cheerful room with its bright fire, easy chair, and table covered with my favorite books, and papers, and fresh magazines with crisp, uncut leaves; and, most of all, grateful for the welcome that never wears out in the home of my loving niece and her noble husband. What a restful retreat, what a perfect haven, seems my little room after a month's visit in Cousin Sally's discordant home! Poor Sally! how she manages to live and keep her senses is more than I can understand. Even a lonely spinster's lot seems endurable—nay, desirable—after the glimpses of wedded life to which I have been treated.

Cousin Sally's husband is a well-to-do farmer, with broad acres well-stocked and tended, and bringing him in a handsome yearly profit, and situated so as to live comfortably and enjoy the fruit of his labors; yet one would think that his very life depended on the amount of labor that could be crowded into every day of the year; and his incessant toil and hurry keeps him in a flurried, irritable state of mind, scolding and finding fault all day long with the boys, who, discouraged and soured in their feelings, have no heart in their work, and give way to fits of sullenness, or answer back disrespectfully, and quarrel among themselves.

There have been no improvements in the low, wood-colored farm-house, and no additions to its

scanty furniture, since Cousin Sally came there a happy, hopeful bride more than twenty years ago. There is nothing to stimulate the poor, disheartened woman in her exertions to train her children in well-doing; no fresh papers or interesting books to brighten up the dreary hours for her or them; no time, even in the evening, for pleasant little games which children so delight in, or indeed for recreation of any sort; no time for mental improvement, for sweet home courtesies, or for the tender little acts of kindness that tend to keep up a right spirit and cement the bonds of love and affection in the family. It is nothing but drive, drive, from early morning till late at night, and then comes an exhortation to "tumble into bed as quick as possible, so as to be out sometime in the morning," which sometime means time for an hour's work at chores, and breakfast before day at this season of the year.

"O Milly! I was so proud of my boys, and so sure that I could train them to be good and noble men," said the mother, in a low, sad voice one day, as harsh, loud words reached us from the back yard where the father and boys were busy cutting and splitting wood, and the great tears trembled in her eyes, and fell upon her toil-hardened hands, which were busily at work mending a rent in a worn and faded garment. "They are naturally as intelligent, loving and gentle as boys usually are; and it pains me beyond description to see that unlovely traits of character are developing in their lives. I have tried to implant right principles in their hearts, and to make home as pleasant and attractive as I could, with what little I have to do with," she said, a weary sigh escaping her as she glanced around the room, "thinking that if I could keep them under my influence till their characters are formed they would be less likely to stray into wrong paths; but all my little efforts are denominated as weak over-indulgence. I should not say this, Milly, had you not been an eye-witness to the unhappiness of my home-life."

I tried to comfort her by telling her that she had been a true and faithful mother, and would some day reap her reward; but in my heart I felt that an angel from Heaven could not train children successfully if a counteracting influence was continually brought to bear against theirs.

When I came away, she said to me: "I cannot begin to tell you how much good your visit has done me. I really think I shall have more patience and courage in the future."

I felt so humbled then to think how little I had done to help and comfort her, and to interest and encourage the dear boys; but if my visit was blessed to her, it was not less so to me. I have learned some important lessons. I have learned that others have burdens to bear greater than mine. Indeed, I feel that I have no burdens—only mercies and blessings, a peaceful home, loving friends and freedom from care; and now that I am home again to enjoy it all, I mean to try and cultivate a helpful as well as a thankful spirit. There are so many little ways in which one can make themselves useful. I mean to begin life over this New Year's day, and try to live for others as well as for myself.

CELIA SANFORD.

It is upon smooth ice we slip; the rough path is safest for the feet.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 45.

BRIGHT New Year, full of unseen promise, whither are you bearing us, in your swift course? To what port on time's shore will you carry our life-bark, and leave it for the next wave to sweep a little farther on the "flood of years?" Will soft airs waft us smoothly and safely along, or will storm-clouds gather, and rough winds blow us upon dangerous rocks or hidden shoals?

Deal kindly with us, O year! And bear us over smooth waters. Let hope sit at the helm, and faith be the rudder to guide us o'er the unknown way. Give us strength and courage for the work set before us, whatever it may be. Teach us to "hold out patient hands, each in his place."

I received some of the good I prayed for at the dawning of last year, during its later months. My hands gained more "strength to work," than they had before; yet not enough to satisfy me. I crave just as much more, and find it hard to wait patiently until it can come. Am constantly tempted to overdo, and use too lavishly, the amount given me. My feet and hands are too eager, after the long time that they have been forced to lie idle. I believe it is just as hard for such natures to learn the lesson of being satisfied to do a little, when they see so much that they wish to accomplish, as it is for some others to be ready to do all that they are able and ought to.

"Let us be content, in work, to do the thing we can, And not presume to fret because it's little."

So says Mrs. Browning, and it is very good counsel for we weaker ones to remember and follow.

At this beginning of another year, when I am so thankful for the continued approach of health, I think of other invalids, and partial ones, who have in these last years made their way into my knowledge and heart, and the wish goes forth for them all, that they may gain strength as I have, and more rapidly still. Keep me in your hearts, gentle friends, and let your kind wishes still arise for me, for—"Every fervent wish of the heart is as a prayer with God."

Then my thoughts follow the strong ones of earth, who are doing noble work in the world, in the sight of all men—ministering to the sick, helping the needy, caring for orphan children, raising the weak or fallen, preaching the Gospel to the poor—and I send them an earnest "God-speed." As higher civilization, and higher thought is developed, there is constantly springing into being, from the hearts of humane people in our country, some new method of doing good to others. Every year I read of some fresh institution for such purposes. The boarding-houses for working-women, the summer hotel at the sea-side where they can go, and, for an almost nominal price, obtain a few weeks of rest and pure, invigorating air. The homes for incurables, the floating hospitals for poor sick children, and country resorts for well ones, during hot weather; and last, and one of the most beautiful, in its tender thought—the flower missions. Oh, blessed workers! a rich reward shall be yours, from One who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I read a little notice in a St. Louis paper, at the

beginning of the season, of a lady stopping in her carriage, at one of the street-car stations, and handing out a bundle containing a pair of warm, knitted gloves and a comforter for each of the six drivers on that route. My heart grew warm over this little incident, and I hoped that reading it would prompt others to do likewise. It was a small and easy thing to do, for a person having any means, but it may have done the *soul* of some of those men good, as well as their bodies, to know that they were thought of and their comfort cared for by strangers as they went on their cold, monotonous round, throughout the chill, bleak, winter days.

Other quiet workers there are, whom I remember, whose names are never known in the world, and whose work is often unnoticed, although it is, really, the most important and effective of all. The patient, conscientious mothers, who move on daily in their steady routine of caring for the little bodies and unformed minds of those intrusted to their care. How weary they grow, sometimes. How tiresome seems the daily round, to do over and over again, and how little they seem to accomplish, compared with what they wish to do. And yet, who can dare neglect such work, when they have once become cognizant of the great responsibility resting upon them? Which one knows what good may be given to the nation or the world through the influence of the mind and heart which she is training now, if she does it rightly, or what harm and evil if she neglects her trust? O mothers! watch and work, carefully, and prayerfully, and constantly, for you are the moulders of the minds that build the nations.

And to you, who, apparently, have no work to do, no homes of your own, and no especial mission or vocation, I would say a word; for to you my sympathies can go out more fully than to any others. If you have strength of hand and foot, there is work for you, somewhere. If not in the home where you are, you can find some in many others, surely. There are "cups of cold water," which your hands can give to many thirsting lips. It may not be engrossing, absorbing work, but it will be enough to do you good, as well as others. Remember the commendation our Lord gave to the poor woman who *did what she could*. Seek for it, and it will be shown to you; for it will not always come if you sit with folded hands, waiting. Ask in faith, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And He will give work of some kind, and you will be happier in the doing. If you are too weak and ill to do any active service—if you have heard His voice saying: "Lie still," then you have the great work of patience to learn, and it is a long lesson sometimes. Remember that "They also serve, who only stand and wait."

During one of the first years of invalidism—when often I could not walk across the floor for months—our dear minister said to me once, when coming on one of his comfort-bringing visits: "I think you have the hardest work of any of us, to *lie still*. But you can serve the Master just as truly in that way as any other, if He thinks it best, and does not give you strength for other work."

I had been expressing my longing to go about and work again—my weariness of lying there a useless burden.

It will be as hard for you, perhaps, as it was for me, to see why you must lie and do nothing through the tedious hours, when you have an energetic spirit, or when you probably see great need of your activity for others; but He knows all about it, and will sustain, and perhaps give the strength again, some day, if you are patient. And if He does not, then—

"Sometimes, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars, for us, forever set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurned—

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most, in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And now what seemed reproof, was love most true.

"If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

"But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest;
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say: 'God knew the best.'"

LICHEN.

"THE SOLITARY."

LAST night as I sat by the fireside waiting for Walter to come, feeling so grateful for home joys and comforts, for the sweetness of wifehood and motherhood the years had brought, my thoughts turned to the multitude of women who, unblest by ties like mine, know not how full of joy life's cup may be. I could not pity them for all they have missed; but, mingled with the feeling, was one of reverent wonder at the work done by some of them, and I questioned, could they have done the same work had they had the varied duties of wife and mother to perform? Did the greatness of their service to others make up for the hunger of their own hearts?

There was the gifted sister of Sir William Herschel, who shared his work and midnight vigils with such untiring devotion and zeal, aiding him as no other could; the sister of Wordsworth who was a constant joy and inspiration, and whose influence lent to his poetry depth and purity it would not have had but for her.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

And poor Mary Lamb who, despite the cloud which hung over her life, gave back measure for measure of her brother's self-sacrificing devotion, and made him feel that the giving up of his cherished dream for her sake was not without its rich reward. But lately gone from our midst was Catherine Beecher who, turning from the broken hopes of her early womanhood, gave herself so earnestly to duty that when, in the "fullness of time," she was called to higher work, her brother, out of the love he bore her, gave her memory this

beautiful tribute: "Herself motherless, she became as a mother to all; homeless, she helped to uplift and make better all homes around her." Alice and Phebe Cary, too, were without homelies, and many others whose well-used talents have made the world richer and better.

Realizing the richness and extent of the work such women do, is it presumptuous to pity them for what they have missed? Though honor and fame came to them in full measure, their hearts must sometimes have ached for the sweetness of the vanished dreams, and, no doubt, to each of them came moments when they would have given all for the home joys denied them. If each of them could have been set in love-blessed homes of their own, could they not have done just as good work, albeit it might have been widely different? It seems so sad that they, with their rich, loving natures, should have missed the crowning joy of womanhood. Whatever else she may gain, the true womanly heart must yet feel

"A woman's crown of glory
Is a sinless little child."

"I know I must be all my life a lonely woman, with no home, no fireside to be wholly my own," writes one from the depth of a life-long sorrow, one whose cup of happiness, sparkling to the very brim, fell from her eager lips ere she could fully taste its sweetness. Oh, the pathos of her words! We question why it must be, and she, grown strong and trustful through much suffering, makes answer, "Perhaps He saw this was the only way to lead me to Him, for, though I thought I belonged to Him before, I had never been drawn half so near as now;" adding, "If earthly happiness had made me careless of the heavenly, had made me an idol worshiper, and suffering has drawn me nearer the only one I ought to worship, would I wish to change?" Brave heart! thus to find "sweetness in the Marah cups." Yet, why need earthly happiness draw any away from Him who is the "giver of all good gifts?" It is better to come to Him through suffering than not at all, but earthly parents like not that their children should think of them only when trouble comes, and the All Father must be glad when increased joy here serves but to increase our love for Him. Too often

"Lips say 'God be pitiful,'
Which ne'er said 'God be praised.'"

The flowery path, as well as the briar-strewn one, should lead us heavenward.

How true it is that man's best work is done through the inspiration of woman's love and trust, whether she be wife, mother, sister or friend. Though in the love which we may not fathom, God leaves some women with no home to be wholly their own, yet He "hath set the solitary in families," and gives to each some noble work. It is not always best that our little plans should be fulfilled. Often He destroys what we have so carefully builded that He may build in a larger way for us. Often at some gate where we had not thought to enter, duty stands with the inexorable command: "This is the way; walk ye in it." The voice seems stern to us then, but, in after years, we find it to have been but the sternness of love which would not let us choose any but the best and surest way.

Miss Muloch says, most truly, "We must meet things as they are, without perplexing ourselves about what they might have been; for, if we believe in an over-ruling providence at all, there can be no such possibility as 'might have been.'"

Though the roses be gone, violets and daisies still blossom along the life-path, and many there are who, when the nightingale's song is hushed, yet hear the sweet notes of the lark dropping from above the clouds. No matter what sweetness a life may have missed, if it leads straight on in the way of right and duty, it is to find

"One by one the dreary places
Glow with beauty and gush with light.
One by one God's finger traces
Moon and stars upon the night."

And if this be true of life here, how much more it is true of the other life where dear dreams are given back with added beauty and preciousness. None need be homeless there, or long in vain for companionship. There is room and love for all, and all may come if they will. EARNEST.

DON'T WORRY.

IF life brings trials—as what life does not?—meet them squarely and calmly as they rise. If it be true that "there is no rose without its thorn," there are many other flowers that are thornless. If we live true to our better natures, quietly meeting difficulties as they arise, most of the thorns can be shorn of their sharpness while young and tender; while if we nourish them till they grow and harden, they will surely jag us more sorely at last.

If it be true that every sunbeam has its shadow accompanying it, who would wish to escape the shadow by obscuring the sunrises.

I do not think there is any situation of life that will not yield us some source of pleasure, if we will only cultivate "a meek and quiet spirit," and not fret over small trials till they grow very Alps in our pathway, only to be crossed with great difficulty.

We rise of a morning; household cares hedge us around on every side with all their petty thorns, invisible to every one else, but very real to ourselves; but each duty met in time, each little patience-trying thorn clipped off with the ready scissors of industry, and a little of the oil of cheerfulness applied, they disappear, leaving no scar on the spirits.

There are so many beauties, so many pleasures of life, unnoticed because of their constancy. The eye or heart become so accustomed to them that we neither see or think of them. Still, the hand of a loving Father supplies them for His thankless children.

If one should be confined in a cell of perfect darkness and solitude for a year, and then released, what a beautiful world ours would appear. With what keen zest we would enjoy the companionship of friends. A tree waving in the breeze, the sunlight on the grass, the gleaming of a star in the far-away depths of the heavens, the daily companionship of kindred, all would be "things of beauty," and fill the soul with joy. God showers blessings on us with such a lavish hand, that we forget to note them, much less thank Him for them; while we often complain at the

lack of some one thing we have set our hearts on.

Often, through a life varied with many trials, I have been deeply wounded by the "breaking of a reed" which seemed to bar all brightness from my life-path forever, but with the clearer vision that came with the after-years have been led to acknowledge, "it was best," and that, in truth, "all things do work together for good to them that love God."

But, like spoiled children, we cry for new toys, regardless of the treasures we already possess, forgetful that the Father knows what is best for His children. If He sees fit to mingle with His many good gifts a little stern discipline, we should accept it thankfully as also good for us, for rough winds are just as necessary to perfect the growth of the oak as are the gentle showers or the warming sunbeams. A frown or a stern glance from a beloved parent will sometimes recall a wayward child to duty when smiles and endearments fail.

Dear sisters of the "Home Circle," let each of us, as our magazine makes its monthly visits, plant the good seed it brings in "good ground," and though, like Martha, are necessarily cumbered with many cares, let us, like Mary, choose "that good part which shall not be taken away from us."

AUNT RENA.

THERE are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost.

TO EARNEST.

YES, dear Earnest, it is better to look beyond this life, for if we look only at the present our sick hearts would fail us. Think how often we sow and in this life never reap. Some seeds may fall by the road side, some among thorns, and some on stony ground; but if ever so little fall upon good ground it brings joy to the sower. But to toil on in weariness of heart, and see nothing come of our work, requires the hope of the life beyond.

So utterly, utterly out of heart was I, that I felt like giving up my work in despair. I seemed almost to have forgotten that the good God rules over all, when Earnest's words gave me fresh hope.

How many, during the year that is past, have been called to lay down life's burdens. How many more of us may be called to lay them down in the coming year. Ah, if our hands be not altogether empty, I thought, and began anew. The same weary round may be my lot, but, God helping me, I will not despair. I may never in this life see any fruits of my labor, still I will persevere. So I thought, and will pray that I may be steadfast. And if any poor sister, staggering under the burden of bodily illness, and trials that seem too heavy, let her cheer up and remember who has said, "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden." Blessed words! Not the gay, the light, the happy, but the heavy laden, the weak, the frail, "and I will give you rest." RUTH.

Evenings with the Poets.

OLD TIMES.

THERE'S a beautiful song on the slumberous air
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful harp and bright brown hair,
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down—
Lost hopes, and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines;
Blue violet-eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of huds,
Bird warbles and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath in a dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow;
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That soba on the slumberous air;
And loneliness, felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down in the soul, as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes;
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it now—OLD TIMES.

SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

HOW DO WE GIVE?

"If his son ask bread will he give him a stone?"

NOT likely just a stone; but some souls have
A subtle, secret art—
They draw the sweetness from all bread of
life

E'er ever they impart
It to the poor hands lifted tremblingly.
O God! how much of bitterness can be

Hidden in just this bread that men do give

Each unto each. A son
Asketh for bread to feed his very soul;

But, e'er the gift is won,
The feet must stand before the father's gate,
The soul must tremble, and, with hands elate,

The "son" must stand a season, till this "bread,"

If it doth come at all,
More like a "stone" than the sweet bread of love,
Into the hands doth fall.

We know the sound of the bread hard as stone,
That some one "kept" until its weight was thrown

On our poor, quivering heart. God pity us
 If He, the Father, gave
 As grudgingly as we. A little bread,
 Given in time, might save
 The sting that often we in secret nurse
 Toward those who give: how often like a curse

Are the faint thanks our curved lip tries to give
 To those who gave us bread,
 But kept it till its sweetness all was gone.
 God pity the soul fed
 On bread dealt out with core of sweetness dead!
 Yes; many give the stone in place of bread.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

THANKSGIVING.

SWEET was the song of the robin,
 Blithe was the hum of the bee,
 In the day when the drift of the blossom
 Was light as the foam of the sea.
 Then deeply was cloven the furrow,
 And gayly they scattered the seed,
 Who trusted that rain-fall and sunshine
 Would surely be given at need.

The robin hath flown to the tropic,
 The honey-bee flitteth no more,
 The reaper hath garnered the harvest,
 And the fruit and the nuts are in store.
 The flame hath died out on the maples,
 We tread on the loose-lying leaves,
 And the corn that was sturdy and stalwart
 Is gathered and bound into sheaves.

And sweeter than music of spring time,
 And fuller of jubilant mirth,
 Are the strong-tided chorals o'erflowing
 From hearts where thanksgiving has birth.
 The songs of the home and the altar,
 The gladness of children at play,
 And the dear love of households united
 Are blending in praises to-day.

For pasture-lands folded with beauty,
 For plenty that burdened the vale,
 For the wealth of the teeming abundance,
 And the promise too royal to fail.
 We lift to the Maker our anthems,
 But none the less cheerily come
 To thank Him for bloom and fruition,
 And the happiness crowning the home.

Oh, the peace on the brow of the father,
 The light in the mother's clear eyes,
 The lilt in the voices of maidens
 Who walk under dream-curtained skies.
 The dance in the feet of the wee ones,
 And the sparkle and shine in the air!
 The year has no time like Thanksgiving—
 A truce to our fretting and care.

Sweet was the song of the robin,
 Blithe was the hum of the bee,
 In the day when the drift of the blossom
 Was light as the foam of the sea;
 But sweeter the silence of autumn,
 That maketh a space for the strain
 Of the joyance of home, when the harvest
 Is gathered from hill-side and plain.

From Harper's Bazar.

Young Ladies' Department.

FANCY WORK.

A GREAT deal has been written, from time to time, against our girls' employing themselves in "trifling" pursuits of this order. To the lengthy harangues against "waste of time," and "foolish expense," and "bad taste," the wise ones instructing their weaker sisters, have added, by way of climax, the terrible information that the same amount of energy might have perfected them in half a dozen sciences, or saved souls from destruction.

Now, I believe, first of all, that no sensible woman ever does give needlework, or any other kind of work for that matter, a whit more of attention than it deserves. If a foolish woman does—why, the world ought to be thankful that she has something to keep her out of mischief for awhile. As to "bad taste," I grant that this has been an objection well-founded—but nowadays there is visible a great improvement in the style of fancy work. Finally, I doubt very much if science or religion have been greatly defrauded by the crochet-hook or zephyr-needle, for the very reason that the women most capable of benefiting either, or being benefited by them, have, as a rule, picked up this light work only in their leisure moments, as a recreation. If a woman has been ironing or teaching all day, who would have the

heart to deny her a little relaxation in the late afternoon, or early evening? A piece of fancy work, moreover, soon grows large enough to be seen—hence, those who don't know think, forsooth, that it must have been very difficult of accomplishment, and that it took a great while to reach its present stage.

But, then, sisters, some of you really have very much to learn in this matter. Many of you spend a great deal of effort over something which you think is going to be very handsome; but, actually, save that the design is a little more ambitious and the coloring more brilliant, it is no more beautiful and harmonious than the hideous sampler of fifty years ago.

You will never accomplish anything very praiseworthy, unless you start out with the determination to educate your eye and mind to form and color. Then, gradually learn to trust your own hand and taste in the matter of design. It is easy to buy a pattern and count the stitches in it—but that isn't all. You ought to observe the outline, first, and ask yourself whether you ever saw a rose or a cat of that shape—or whether the rose would be so likely to resemble a wooden cabbage, or the cat to have so many warts on its face. You esteem the patterns, principally because they cost you something—but a moment's thought ought to convince you that no real artist, however

humble, could afford to sell his work so cheaply. Then, why are not you artist enough to design your own patterns, observing nature as a guide?

If you begin to do so, however, you will soon find that Berlin wool work is not the right field in which to exercise yourself. For, no matter how graceful a curve you may originate, you find that you *must* cut it up in blocks—there is no help for it, the canvas binds you down by a cast-iron law, immutable as those of the Medes and Persians. In disgust and despair, you are ready to forswear allegiance to cross-stitch. This is a good sign—but wait. Flowers and animals may vanish forever from its domain—you have had your fill of patch-work petals and flights of steps for noses—but you can still, by this means, evolve deep shaded arabesques, relieved by quaint dashes of color in low tones. For instance, the arabesques may be of soft browns or grays, the backgrounds of navy blue or cardinal. Still, beyond a solitary sofa-cushion or floor-mat, I don't think you'll do much work in cross-stitch, for which I am truly thankful. I have had a surfeit of dazzling "landscapes," and "fruit-pieces," and piano-stools, and afghans.

The place of fancy work is always subordinate, remember. Therefore, never execute a piece which oppresses one by its elaboration, but study, by a light, effective effort, to make it come in happily, but secondarily, as a mere bright touch in the furnishing of a room. Overmuch of knitting, or a heavy load of beads, is always displeasing to the eye. So, too, are objects which are, in themselves, absolutely useless. Of this last order are card-board air-castles, which are usually overwhelmed with zephyr, and ribbon, and scrap-pictures, and pendants, and yet *do* nothing but catch the unwary by the hair. My opinion of a motto, half of which has been left uncovered because of its difficulty, is entirely lost in my pity for the worker. Crocheted tidies of white cotton take a good while to do, and look no better than a square, white mosquito-netting would—the only thing that can be said in their favor is that they are not quite so vulgar as Nottingham lace.

Beautiful things may be made for the adornment of a room, which are very simple in construction. The most artistic floor-mats, to lay before sofas and bureaux, are made from simple coffee-bag, the border being merely half a dozen rows of alternate cross-stitches, each one being so large as to take up four weavings of the foundation, in solid or shaded zephyr. No pattern whatever is required, and the article may be merely lined and hemmed by way of finish. For an elegant table-cover, take a sheet of the coffee-bag, fringe it out the depth required, and border it with one row of spreading coral-stitch, in scarlet or cardinal double zephyr. Similar lambrequins can be made, which are just the thing for unbleached muslin curtains—and all are exceedingly appropriate when the floor of the room in which they are placed is covered with straw matting. Exquisite toilet articles, such as hair-pin case, and hair-receiver, may be made from bright-tinted silks and box-quilling (which last comes more elegantly done than you could do it), with plain silver-board as a foundation. The prettiest mats made now are neither knitted nor crocheted—like the Irishwoman's cap, they are all border. I refer to the daisy and the moss-mats, which are

lovely enough for the creations of fairies. Yet, they are so simple that any woman, by following my written directions, can easily make them.

For the daisy-mat, cut a round pasteboard foundation, and cover it with silk, merino or any other fabric. Thread your needle with zephyr, pass it through the edge of the board, pull the wool through until within about two inches of its end, then turn the needle backward and pass it through the zephyr, close to the edge of the board. Then cut the thread off, the same length as the end previously left hanging. Now, you see, you have fringe consisting of two equal ends. Continue in the same manner until you have fringe all around. Now take zephyr of the same color as the fringe, roll it over three fingers until you have quite a solid ball. Pull it off, and tie it tightly around the middle, then cut the ends and pull them out in all directions, so that you have a flat, round rosette. Make enough to go around the mat directly upon the fringe, and leave between each a space equal to itself—this is the place for the daisy. To make the daisy, prepare a rosette of white in the same manner as the colored. Then make a small one of yellow, and sew it in the centre of the white. Now you may have perfect daisies, which insert in the places left for them, alternating with the colored rosettes. It is expected that the object to be stood on the mat will hide all its centre, and be closely enwreathed by the daisies. It is improper always to have a centre ornament in a mat, for the supposition is that it was made to have something upon it.

The moss-mat is begun with a foundation similar to the daisy-mat. Thread your needle and pass it through the edge of the board, clear to the knot. Have ready a long bunch of zephyr, consisting of three strands. Pass the needle through this, taking up every strand, about an inch from the end toward you, and then cut it off the same distance from you, so that you have upon your thread three short strands, which push down close to the foundation. Knot your thread around this by means of the needle, then repeat the process an inch higher up the thread. Continue so, until you have taken on your thread five bunches, then, after knotting the last, cut off the thread itself. Put it through the board, close to one previously done, and do as before. When you have gone around once, you will see that you have a long, fuzzy fringe. Next, an inch further in upon the board, do the same with zephyr a shade lighter, and you will be surprised to see how the whole piles up. Still an inch further in toward the centre, repeat the process with the next lighter shade of your color, and you will have in the middle a little, round nest, inclosed by a deep, circular bed of moss.

Mats of either style are suitable for lamps, vases, toilet-bottles and what not. Wash-stand mats and covers may be appropriately made of white Java or honeycomb canvas, very simply bordered and fringed out. Beautiful tidies consist of a lin or burlap foundation, in the centre of which is basted a Japanese crape picture, the edge being finished off by strips of velvet, or floss in *point russe* stitches, the whole being bordered by linen fringes or torchon lace.

Ornaments such as these are free from every objection, inasmuch as they are simple in themselves, and answer the purpose for which they

were made. Further than this, in your decoration endeavor to enter into the domain of the artistic.

Spatter-work tidies are beautiful beyond description, but unless they are well done they had better not be done at all. Any one can tell you to transfer the outline of a bouquet of ferns or grasses upon white Swiss with a fine comb and tooth-brush, but not every one thinks to tell you that to finish the work, and give it the real artistic touches, you must take a fine camel-hair brush and go over it carefully. Tidies of this kind may be bordered with knife-pleatings of the Swiss, or frills of Breton or Valenciennes lace.

You know, by this time, about crewel-work, and outline embroidery, and etching. These, however, should never be degraded by the name of "fancy work," for they belong to the province of art. Of course, they are not such arts as painting, and sculpture, and music; but they are as much arts as lace-making, and glass-staining, and silver-working. With crewels you can adorn the articles

of old left to the tender mercies of Berlin wool-work, namely, cushions, and curtains, and banners, upon foundations of linen, burlap, silk, velvet or what you please. With the outlining, you can add to the beauty and value of your household linen. Old-fashioned white embroidery ought never to go out of date.

The home of a lady of taste should show in it evidences of her taste. Her rare sense of beauty and fitness ought to banish from it the gaudy and the crude, as well as the useless and the cumbersome. In the lower domains of needle-work, she should learn to depend upon her own eye and hand, so that she soon may in the higher. And then, surely, the transition to the highest arts should not be great, even if that transition lead only to appreciation, and not to execution. So, then, may the critics be silenced, when they see by what steps a judicious interest in fancy work has led to a true art culture.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Health Department.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS. THEIR DELIGHTS AND DANGERS.*

WHERE snow is abundant, sleigh-riding is, *par excellence*, the most fascinating of winter recreations. It may serve as an exhilarating tonic. But if the preparations for the drive be so negligent as to make one feel as if he had followed Franklin's prescription for a sleigh-ride, viz., sitting in the back yard, with the feet in a tub of ice-water, shaking a string of bells—the drive may work positive harm. Its benefits depend upon warm clothing, and plenty of it: more, indeed, than one would suppose necessary. Always take more wraps than seem to be needed. Did any one ever hear a person complain of being over-clad on such an occasion?

Before leaving the house, the feet should be in a glowing condition. One could hardly expect them to become warm during the drive, and aching feet destroy all comfort.

Another almost indispensable condition is that the stomach be comfortably filled with warm food. Otherwise, the drive may be merely a prolonged misery, for it has already been shown how difficult it is to resist cold while the stomach is empty. Avoid stimulants, and depend upon hot milk, beef-tea, or coffee. If actual chilliness comes on during the drive, the only safe thing to do is to stop—at a private house, if no other serve—and become thoroughly warmed.

Never, on any account, allow children to fall asleep during the drive. This is a danger against which we cannot guard too carefully. It is as unsafe as to sleep in the fumes of charcoal, and, unless bodily warmth be kept up to the ordinary degree, produces the same deadly effects.

If the cold be too audacious, and fingers, nose, ears, or cheeks be too rudely caressed, the rules already set down must be carefully followed as soon as the discovery is made.

*From WINTER AND ITS DANGERS. By Hamilton Os-good, M. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

A glorious sport is a battle with snowballs. The only caution requiring mention is that against sitting down, or remaining inactive out of doors, while heated and fatigued. The reasons for the caution are obvious.

During their play in the snow, in their artistic and architectural attempts at moulding and fort-building, children should be watched, and not be allowed to become too wet and cold.

Spite of the benefits, pleasure and exhilaration of skating, there are some accompanying dangers. The one which, perhaps, exceeds all others is the danger of skating too long. This refers mainly, if not entirely, to women and girls. Boys and men would experience mere lameness; but in the other sex, over-exertion on skates is liable to cause troubles of a very serious and obstinate nature. Their own judgment, it is hoped, will teach them moderation.

Sitting down to rest when heated, exposes all skaters to chill, which may result in pneumonia, pleurisy, throat affections—even consumption. Remember the weak organ, too, if there be one. It cannot lightly bear this trial of the system; and if a skater has ever been through a rheumatic or neuralgic attack, no temptation of fatigue will lead such a one to take the risks of resting in the open air after exertion.

It may happen that the ice is treacherous. If skaters break through and become wet, the stronger among their companions must at once loan their overcoats and wraps to protect the unfortunates while on their way to the nearest house, where hot blankets and bottles of hot water, hot brandy-and-water, and severe and prolonged rubbings, must be unceasingly administered until dangers have passed.

But suppose those who have thus been submerged in winter water be taken out unconscious. The remedies suggested must then be used with increased vigor. The head should at first be allowed to hang lower than the body for a short time, in order that water, if it has been taken into the

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lungs, may run out. Respiration may be restored by galvanic electricity applied by the physician, who should at once be called. Until and after his arrival, carry the arms of the patient as high as possible above the head; then bring them down to the sides of the body, and immediately after press gently upon the chest at the end of the breast-bone. Do this unremittingly every three seconds, or about twenty times each minute, for hours, meanwhile seeing that the mouth is free from accumulations and the tongue kept forward. Do not despair of success, though hours may pass without sign of revival. Very gentle breathing through a tube into the mouth or nostrils may be employed. Now and then pass an open bottle of ammonia water under the nose. Heat, in every form, blankets, bottles, bags of hot oats, and mustard-plasters should be applied all over the body—moderately at first, but in increasing degree.

Care should be taken not to burn the flesh. The rubbing should be directed *toward* the heart, that is, *up*, and not *down*, the limbs and trunk. So soon as the patient can swallow, give some stimulating drink, or strong, hot coffee. Other remedies, such as digitalis, carbonate of ammonia, valerian, etc., will be suggested by the physician.

While skating, it is far from agreeable to see other stars than those of heaven, but this is "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance." If the fall on the back of the head be so severe as to cause fainting, carry the individual into a house, place the body so that the head may be the lowest part, and administer the usual remedies. In such grave cases it is better to send for a physician without delay. A fall upon the back is fraught with great peril to delicate women.

Housekeepers' Department.

HOUSEHOLD PERILS.

SAYS the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*:

So many serious accidents have occurred in families, and so many narrow escapes have been experienced in the use or management of dangerous articles or substances which find their way into households, that we are led briefly to point out the nature of the substances, and suggest methods whereby the dangers may be greatly lessened. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care. Benzine, ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first-named liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, etc. The liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapor as soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into rooms in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard of handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An accident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstances causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at the present time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, etc., and rubber stoppers to the vials should be used.

Oxalic acid is considerably employed in families

for cleaning brass and copper utensils. The substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives lost. Every agent which goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place, and labeled properly and used with care.

BENZINE FOR MOTHS.

SAYS the *American Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer*:

A sort of trade secret among upholsterers, it is said, is this recipe for ridding furniture of moths: A set of furniture that seemed to be alive with the larvæ, and from which hundreds of these pests had been picked and brushed, was set into a room by itself. Three gallons of benzine had been purchased at thirty cents a gallon, retail. Using a small-watering-pot, with a fine rose-sprinkler, the whole of the upholstery was saturated through and through with the benzine. The result was, every moth, larvæ and egg was killed. The benzine dried out in a very few hours, and the entire odor disappeared in three or four days. Not the slightest harm happened to the varnish, or fabric, or wood, or hair stuffing. That was months ago, and not a sign of a moth has since appeared. The carpets were also well sprinkled all around the sides of the room with equally good effect. For furs, flannels, indeed all woolen things containing moths, benzine is most valuable. Put them in a box, sprinkle them with benzine, close the box tightly, and in a day or two the pests will be exterminated, and the benzine will all evaporate on opening. In using benzine, great care should be taken that no fire is near by, as the stuff, in fluid or vapor form, is very inflammable.

COULD Pipsey tell us how to prevent cakes bursting and running over while baking? If so, she would oblige many readers of the magazine.

A READER.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

LITTLE that is new is seen in any department of fashionable attire. Still the rage continues for making up all suits, both elegant and ordinary, of two, three, and even four, contrasting fabrics; as also, the mania for trimming dark dresses of black, garnet, myrtle green, and *gen d'arme* blue, with vests, cuffs, lapels, collars, pockets and bands, of rich, gayly-figured materials. Some of these new fabrics are very gorgeous and expensive, although the same style of goods is seen in cotton and woolen for trimming cheaper dresses. Upon elegant, deep silk costumes, some extravagant ladies have gone so far as to use the borders of real India shawls. Those who have saved broché bands of old Stella shawls, will find them of service now, to be used in remodeling black, dark-green or seal-brown silks and cashmeres. For young girls, gay plaids are even more popular than the flowered or variegated fabrics so much in vogue for ladies. The striped pekings, so much worn six months ago, are on the wane.

Plain cloth suits, or similar ones of flannel, are made for the street. These are generally composed of a perfectly plain, short skirt, a simple overskirt, and a coat—or sometimes merely a skirt and long coat, coming to about the length of a medium polonaise. Such dresses are ornamented

only with several rows of machine-stitching, and appropriate buttons of horn, or pearl, or metal.

In the way of trimmings, we have still the jet passementeries, and the bands of feathers and of fur. Jet and silk pendants are purchased by many ladies, who mingle them, according to fancy, with silk fringe. Another whim is outlining the pattern in a Spanish lace scarf with white satin beads; or, in a brilliant cashmere fabric, with gold thread. Broad silk ties, with colored embroidery upon the ends, are shown in all shades. Shirring has taken a deeper hold upon popular favor, whole vests, and even breadths in elaborate costumes being often entirely composed of masses of gathers. One of the newest articles of neckwear is a fichu of black chenille, especially appropriate for elderly ladies. Very simple jewelry is now worn—often not more than a plain band of Roman gold as a brooch, with tiny ball ear-rings and flat sleeve-buttons to match. More than these are very seldom seen in the street.

For young ladies, among the prettiest chapeaux are turban bonnets. These consist of a large, soft round crown of silk or satin, in any of the fashionable shades, and have satin strings fastening in a large, full bow under the left ear. Sometimes these simple bonnets are further ornamented with a scarf, a band of feathers, an owl's head, or a fringe of beads.

New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Short Studies of American Authors. By T. W. Higginson. Comprising analyses of the characters and writings of Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Howells, Helen Jackson and Henry James, Jr. The essays upon Hawthorne and Thoreau are especially good, giving full justice to two highly-gifted men who were not enough appreciated while they lived. Price \$1.00.

Select Poems. By Harvey Rice. A second edition of a volume of poems which we noticed some time ago as being characterized by some facility of expression, but not much originality of thought.

Cruises with Captain Bob. By B. P. Shillaber, of Partington fame. An old sailor, disabled for a winter by a broken leg, entertains a company of his boy friends around his bed for a number of evenings with tales of his early adventures upon sea and land. Entertains not only, but instructs, inasmuch as he contrives to get into his narratives a vast amount of valuable information concerning geography, navigation, customs, human character, and what not, mingled with genuine fun, and telling exhortations to temperance, chivalry and real morality. We feel sorry oftentimes that we were not of the original set of auditors; but we may comfort ourselves with the

reflection that we may hear all Captain Bob and the boys said by reading the book. Price \$1.25.

The Breaking Waves Dashed High. By Felicia Hemans. Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Another of the beautiful series of familiar poems, in an exquisite, artistic guise, similar to the choice volume, "Rock of Ages," which we noticed last year. Price, \$1.50.

Hope Mills. By Amanda M. Douglas. A very beautiful home-story, teaching noble lessons of true benevolence and culture, religion and humanity. It pleases, interests and elevates, throughout, and is in every way worthy a careful perusal. Price, \$1.50.

Some Practical Hints on Wood-engraving. By W. J. Linton. The book, primarily, seems to be an effort of the author to defend himself against the ignorance and injustice of critics. Mainly, however, it is a clear exposition of the principles of the art designated, and is, as a whole, thoroughly enjoyable.

The Island of Capri. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Lilian Clarke. This is a single chapter from a book entitled "Wanderjahre in Italien." A dainty, charming word-picture, which may delight an odd half hour. Price, \$1.00.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

Readings and Recitations, No. 3. Edited by Miss L. Penney. One of a series of valuable temperance manuals, containing poems and prose selections for school, lyceum and exhibition declamation. Quite up to the order of merit possessed by its predecessors. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

From Father to Son. By Mary Dwinell Chellis. A most interesting work, written in a graphic style, depicting the evils of moderation as opposed to total abstinence, and strikingly showing the workings of the inexorable law of heredity,

in that the son of a moderate drinker is likely to become a confirmed drunkard. Price, \$1.25.

FROM S. R. WELLS & CO.

How to Be Well. By Augusta Fairchild, M. D. A well-written treatise on Hygiene, giving important information as regards fevers, eruptive diseases, care of the throat and lungs, and so forth, with timely hints on dress, diet and the like. We hope it will find many readers, feeling assured that all may learn something from its pages. The chapter containing the confessions of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, is especially worth reading. Price, \$1.00.

Notes and Comments.

American Girls.

IN her lecture on "Home Life," Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton strongly condemns the practice, still too widely prevalent, of cramping the waists and feet of our growing up young girls with tight stays and close-fitting shoes. "In looking at the statuary of the Old World," she says, "one cannot help but wonder where American girls get their forms. We laugh at the Chinese for putting their feet in iron shoes, but how absurd our fashion is of lacing our waists so tight that we can hardly draw a free breath! School girls fourteen years old are happy when they wear their hair streaming down their backs, and go romping about in loose-fitting and short dresses, but their happiness ceases when the dressmaker comes around and tells her that it is time that she was beginning to form her waist, and the process begins, until the poor creature's ribs are distorted, when she is ready for fashionable society. If we could only induce our girls to dress properly and leave their ribs in their normal condition, and wear shoes that would allow them to place their feet firmly upon the green sward, they would eventually supersede boys. Health is the normal condition for all women; there is no such thing as natural diseases. We have educated our people to have some respect for moral laws, but in doing so, have neglected our physical laws. No one seems to be ashamed of being ill, but we should be. The sin is equally great when we violate physical laws as other moral laws are disregarded, and the time will soon come when nerves shall be superseded by muscle. But despite our weakness, we have greater beauty, intellect and moral power than any other nation on the globe.

"There was a time when women thought it fashionable to faint, and it was regarded by men as a mark of delicacy. They soon grew tired, however, of running for smelling-bottles and holding fainting women, so they began to ridicule the absurd habit in the press, and the result is that now you hear of very few fainting women. The guns that men have turned upon strong-minded women for the past thirty years, they should now turn upon weak-minded women."

Effects of Music.

THE effect produced by music differs greatly, according to temperament, and peculiar mental habit or training. With some it stimulates thoughts, while with others it interrupts the flow of ideas. It is said of Lord Bacon, that he often had an instrument played in the room adjoining his study; and that Milton listened to his organ for inspiration. A celebrated French preacher was once found playing on the violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the court. Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand. For hours together he would forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening his faculties for the coming contest at the bar.

Toothache.

UNDER the head of "A Pleasant Remedy for Toothache," we find in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* the following account of the discovery of a new agent of relief for this affliction, the tortures of which, at some time in life, almost every one has to bear.

"Dr. T. C. Osborn, in the *Medical Brief*, states that his cook came to him with a swollen cheek, asking for something to relieve the toothache, with which she had been suffering all night. He was on the point of sending her to a dentist, when it occurred to him that there was in the house a vial of compound tincture of benzoin. 'After cleansing the decayed tooth,' he says, 'I saturated a pledget of cotton lint with the tincture, and packed it well into the cavity, hoping this would suffice for the time, and told her to come back in two or three hours if she was not relieved. I was turning away, when she said it might not be necessary, perhaps, as the pain was already gone. Supposing her faith had a large share in the relief, I would not allow myself to think that the medicine had anything to do with the cure any more than so much hot water would have had. But when I

arrived at my office, two other patients were awaiting me with the same affliction, and I determined, by way of experiment, to use the same remedy. To my agreeable surprise, both patients declared themselves immediately relieved, and begged a vial of the tincture for future use. During the winter a number of similar cases applied, and were instantly relieved by the same treatment, all expressing much satisfaction with the remedy. In December I told my druggist of the discovery, and recommended him to sell it to any person applying for "toothache drops." This, he reports, he has done, and that every one seems delighted with the medicine."

An Early Poem.

THE following poem, which has not before found its way into print, was written, at the age of fifteen, by M. Louisa Chitwood, the young Western poetess, whose brief literary career gave such a fair promise, and whose early death was so sincerely lamented by a wide circle of friends. Though not a finished production, it has something of the music and delicate fancy which are to be found in her maturer poems, and many of those who, in years past, were charmed by her writings, will be pleased to meet with it:

THE DEW.

Stealing down softly
From the skies blue,
Sparkling so gloriously,
Beautiful dew.
In the long, silent night,
When the moon's trembling light
Gilds all in beauty bright,
Softly it falleth, the beautiful dew.

Where the lone flow'ret blooms,
Fragile and fair,
Scattering its odors sweet
On the still air,
There in the summer eves
Half opes its closing leaves,
And the sweet kiss receives,
Till its petals grow sweeter
In the beautiful dew.

Gently it falleth
Like love to the heart,
Stealing on silently
Till of life it is part.
And in the morning hours,
Glittering in gem-like showers
Round on the waking flowers,
Sparkles in the sunlight soft
The beautiful dew.

THE Girls' Friendly Society, begun in London, has some twenty thousand members and three hundred and forty-four branches. Sister societies have also been established in Scotland, Ireland and America. Its object is to assist young girls leaving home and going out into the world to earn their bread, either as domestics or in industrial establishments.

INCESSANT smoking, as statistics show, will take TEN YEARS from the life of every human being.

Women in Russia.

THROUGH the proverbs of a nation we get, often, a clearer idea of the inner life and feeling of the people than in any other way. *Leisure Hour* has an article on the proverbs of Russia, from which we take the following. One peculiarity of Russian peasant life is the joint family system, according to which the members of a family share a common heritage and live together. This system prevailed in parts of England in Anglo-Saxon times, but it is not favorable to individual exertion and it leads to family quarrels. They find that "two bears cannot live in one den." The wife particularly suffered from it.

"The father-in-law grumbles at her,
The mother-in-law abuses her,
The brother-in-law mocks her,
The sister-in-law does her mischief,
The husband is jealous."

"Sisters-in-law are nettles."

While some Russian ladies belong to the class of strong-minded women and are advocates of woman's rights, the peasantry in their proverbs recognize the distinct sphere of women.

"If you be a cock, crow;
If a hen, lay eggs."

"Do not trust the wind in the fields,
Nor a woman with too much liberty."

The proverbs of Russia, like those of India, though treating women with contempt, yet recognize their power in the domestic circle. "She stoops to conquer."

"The wife, without beating the husband, rules him by her temper."

"The husband is the head, the wife the soul of the house."

Bachelors are not in high repute.

"A bachelor is a goose without water."

"A man without a wife is like a man in winter without a fur bonnet."

A man under petticoat government or, as the Germans say, "Under the slipper," is thus painted:

"A crab is not a fish among fishes,
A bat is not a bird among birds,
So a hen-pecked husband is not a man among men."

Twenty Years a Subscriber.

AN old subscriber to the HOME MAGAZINE, in sending us a list of names for the new year, says:

"I feel as though I must thank you this time for the great help you have been to me through your writings. *** For twenty years I have taken and read your magazine, and the good use it has performed for me and my family cannot be measured or told. Long may you live to carry on the good work."

OPPORTUNITIES for women to obtain as extended an education as men are rapidly multiplying in this country as well as in Europe. There are now about fifty girls among the students of Cornell University, and over one hundred and thirty in the Michigan University.

"Woman's Words."

THIS excellent paper, issued monthly at the low price of one dollar a year, and devoted entirely to the interests of women, is worthy of a very large circulation. It is beautifully printed, and edited with care, industry and great good taste. As an "Original Review of what Women are doing," it is pronounced in its views, yet free from extreme radicalism, and that intemperance of language which so often mars discussion and weakens the force of argument. We strongly commend *Woman's Words* to all who wish to know what women are doing for the elevation of their sex and humanity, and in the world's work. It is elevated in tone, and cannot, we are sure, form a part of the reading of any young woman, just entering upon life, without giving her healthy views, and inspiring her with the desire and the effort to be something more than an idle pleasure seeker. *Woman's Words* is published monthly by MRS. JUAN LEWIS, 625 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.00 a year.

Literary and Persona!.

THE late John Blackwood occasionally used to relate with quiet glee how he and George Eliot had corresponded some time before he knew she was a woman. "I called her 'Dear George,'" he said, merrily, "and employed some easy expressions, such as a man uses only to a man. After I knew her, I was a little anxious to remember all I might have said."

MISS KATE FIELD brought from Stratford a slip of Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, which she has presented to the Central Park Commissioners. It is to be kept in a greenhouse until April, and then planted with proper ceremony—probably upon the poet's birthday. The Park Commissioners sent for the slip on Miss Field's arrival, and it is now in their care.

ONE of the notable guests at the Holmes breakfast was Miss Sprague, of Ohio, the authoress of "An Earnest Trifler," which is by far the most successful story published in Boston this season. She sat between the graceful and elegant Mr. Osgood and ex-Governor Rice, and throughout the day bore herself with most winsome modesty. It was none the less pleasant that, while she and they thus sat at table, her publishers received an order for five hundred copies of her novel from Chicago.

THE present Prime Minister of Belgium, M. Frère-Orban, commenced life in the humblest manner. His family name was Frère. While a law student, he fell in love with the daughter of a rich, aristocratic M. Orban. The girl was agreeable; the parents opposed. As the day for his examination approached, she said to him: "If you succeed, come in the evening to the box at the opera, in which I shall be with my parents and some of their friends." "But will they admit me?" asked the poor student. "I will take care of that," replied the girl. Frère passed the examination with great credit, and presented himself at the box. His sweetheart rose as he entered, and kissed him in the presence of the whole company. After that there was nothing for the parents to do but to announce the engagement between

them. When the marriage took place, he added, by their request, their aristocratic name to his more plebeian one.

Of all the poets who do not look like poets, Robert Browning may be said to look least like a master of verse. He is stout, comfortable, prosaic, fine-looking in figure and face; he looks, in short, exactly like a country squire of moderate fortune.

KING ALFONSO is fond of sitting in his study, where he receives visitors and reads the papers. There is a bit of sentiment about him, for close to his writing-table hangs a water-color drawing representing the small, simply-furnished apartment in which his earliest lessons were learned when a child.

Welcome Home.

THE waves have beat, the winds have blown,
This whole night long so wearily;
And I no moment's sleep have known
For thought of him that's at the sea.
I got me up, I oped the door,
I stepped upon the foamy beach,
I shrank to hear the surges roar,
The billows clashing each on each.

No moon was there to light the dark,
The stars seemed few and little worth,
I could not bear the waves to mark
That rushed against the solid earth.
It shook, and I, with terror filled
To know my love so far from land—
Sure never vessel's fragile build
The crash of tumbling seas could stand.

Ah, when he comes, and when my heart
Beats hard against his stormy breast,
I think my very life will part
To know him safe, at home, at rest!
What words shall tell him all my love,
That wayward fancies sometimes hide?
How speak my joy all joys above
To have my husband at my side?

Oh, not a word, and not the speech
Of hands that wild and helpless move,
Will bear the tidings that shall reach
His inmost heart, of my dear love.
But something crying from my face,
An eager silence, grave and glad,
Shall light the rough and gloomy place
With Welcome to my fisher-lad!

Illustrated London News.

SEVERAL young ladies of New York have been of late giving gratuitous lessons to the elder girls of the Five Points House of Industry in house-keeping. They have given an exhibition of their pupils' proficiency, and each in turn practically illustrated various phases of household work.

WRITERS on fashion report that walking-boots, with broad, cork soles, and low, flat heels, are to be worn this winter. For the sake of the ladies who follow the fashions, it to be hoped that this report is true. Fashion has long since decreed that thick boots must be worn in winter. Add, now, cork soles and low heels, and the gain in health and comfort will be very great.

Publishers' Department.

COMPOUND OXYGEN IN CONSUMPTION. Two Remarkable Cases.

Dr. J. F. Goldman, of Huntsville, Alabama, has been using the Compound Oxygen in his practice for nearly a year. He sends us the following testimonials in two of his cases.

"Huntsville, Ala., August 15th, 1879.

"DR. J. F. GOLDMAN—Dear Sir: I having had the dread disease consumption coming upon me for more than fifteen years, and having become so reduced that I was unable to attend to my household duties—hardly able to go from room to room—with the expectation of myself, family and friends that I could not live many months, I grasped at everything that promised relief, or that there was any hope in. But no relief came, until, through the kindness of Drs. Starkey & Palen, about two years ago, I received their Compound Oxygen Treatment. After two months' use, I commenced to recover to such an extent that all my friends asked me what I had been doing to myself that caused such an improvement. My answer was, 'I have made the change by the use of Compound Oxygen.'

"When I commenced to use it, I was hollow-chested, with deep-seated pain in my lungs, and had great difficulty of breathing. Had a hacking cough, with heavy, hard expectoration mixed with blood; and sometimes blood alone. All this gave me and my friends great uneasiness and despair of my life.

"I now recommend it to all who are suffering from the same dread disease, believing, that if used as directed, it will cure them also.

"Yours respectfully,

"VIENNA T. DOUGLASS."

Remarking on this letter, Dr. Goldman says: "I have been Mrs. Douglass's physician for more than a year, and can indorse most fully her statement as to her health now, and soon after she had finished her second months' inhalation. She was indeed a picture of blooming health."

"Huntsville, Ala., December 8th, 1879.

[Statement of Mr. N. B. Grayson, made to Dr. J. F. Goldman, of Huntsville, Ala., July 16th, 1879.]

"I have had, for three years past, pains, soreness and trouble in my right lung. Two years ago I had a hemorrhage from my lungs. At this time I was employed as blacksmith in the C. and Memphis Railroad shops. I was compelled to give up my situation and quit work. This last winter I was troubled with a bad cough, and was so reduced in strength as to be scarcely able to walk. I lost my appetite, and became greatly emaciated. My throat also was constantly sore, and I was troubled with hoarseness. No one who saw me could doubt that I had the consumption. Two months ago I was induced to visit Dr. Goldman's office and try the Compound Oxygen Treatment. The effect from the very first was quite marked. Within five days my cough nearly left me, I slept well, my appetite returned, and, notwithstanding, for one month past I have worked harder than I have for three years. I have gained during this exceeding hot month seventeen pounds

in weight. And now (so far as I can see) I am well, every bad symptom having disappeared, and I feel active and strong. But for this treatment, I should, in all probability, never have done another day's work. I relied wholly on this treatment from the first. And I can and do most heartily commend the Compound Oxygen Treatment to all who are similarly afflicted.

"N. B. GRAYSON."

Confirming this statement, Dr. Goldman writes: "Mr. Grayson is still at this date (December 8th, 1879) strong and healthy, working every day at the anvil. Two months' inhalation did it."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free. Address
DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LIQUID PEARLS.—How many fair daughters of Eve, on reading the tale of Cleopatra's sway over Antony, have sighed to emulate her conquest! Formerly, such sighs might indeed be vain; but in these days, when skilled art seems truly to improve on nature, almost any lady, by using CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL, may wield Cleopatra's power. This incomparable preparation for the skin is conceded to be perfection itself; it contains nothing injurious, and it is no wonder that the social world pays such flattering tributes to the unrivaled merits of "CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL."

NO FORM of beauty has more devotees, especially among the ladies, than flowers; but in order to have these beautiful gems of nature in perfection, it is necessary to procure good seed, and also to be in the possession of some knowledge as to the proper manner of planting the seed and cultivating the plant. This and much more very useful information is contained in D. M. FERRY & Co.'s beautifully Illustrated Descriptive and Priced Seed Annual, which they offer to send free to all. See their advertisement in our columns.

THE first number of *The Musical Herald*, a new monthly publication, is about to be issued in Boston. Its corps of editors and contributors includes some of the best writers on musical topics to be found in this country and abroad. There will be illustrated articles and music in each number.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—A piano or organ is the most suitable holiday present that can ever be made. Hon. Daniel F. Beatty of Washington, New Jersey, offers elsewhere in this issue splendid bargains for holiday presents. Mayor Beatty's celebrated pianos and organs are giving entire satisfaction, and we know our readers will do well to purchase of him. So great has been the demand for these celebrated instruments within the last few months, that Mr. Beatty has been compelled to erect a new mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey, corner Railroad Avenue and Beatty Street. Read his advertisement, and send for his illustrated newspaper, holiday edition, before you purchase.

CASTORIA is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No sour-curd or wind-colic; no feverishness or diarrhoea; no congestion or worms, and no cross children or worn-out mothers where CASTORIA is used.